# PENTHOUSE COMIX

MAR./APR. 1996

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# PENTHOUSE COMIX

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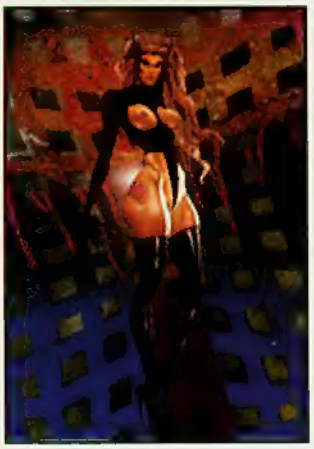

**COVER ART BY MARK BEACHUM**

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Read along as our readers give us 3 minutes on "high."

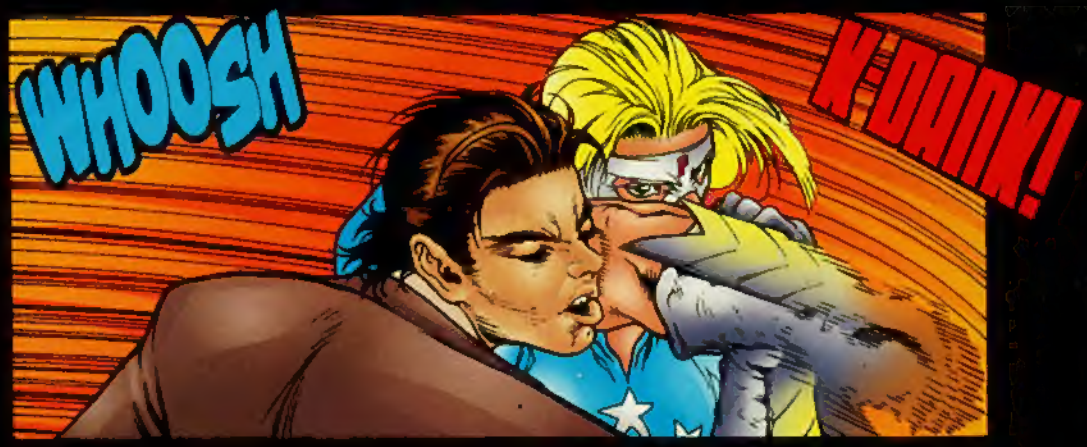
**80 NEXT ISSUE**
Stay tuned! Appearing two months from now...

**Senator Joseph Pike**, also known as **Young Captain Adventure**...
who would have thought that the super-powered family's greatest treasure —
The Burnin' Ring of Power; source o' his mighty powers —
was merely a mental crutch, a prop, a sought-after collectible?
True. His powers came from within. Sigh.
We now offer a little chart-topper that will illuminate the inner workings of the youngest superhero in America's inventory... go ahead, take a squint...

**STORY:** Bill Valley **ART:** Rick Mays **COLORS:** Electric Crayon **LETTERS:** Chris Eliopoulos

"I'D RIPPED THIS WALKING CAPUCINO MACHINE IN HALF AND WAS CARRYING THAT ROBOT HEAD UNDER ONE ARM LIKE A LOAF OF BREAD...
"...YEH, I BEAT THAT THING LIKE A RENTED MULE... GOT THE HEAD RIGHT HERE IN MY BOTTOM DRAWER...
"GUESS THAT MAKES ME A SUPER-HERO SENATOR, OR IS IT SENATOR SUPER-HERO? WHAT WAS IT MY DAD, CAPTAIN ADVENTURE, USED TO SAY? BEFORE HE'D STOP A TRAIN WITH ONE PUNCH OR BEND STEEL BARS, HE'D SAY, 'YOU CAN'T SPELL SUPER-HERO WITHOUT 'H,E,R,O'!'"
HOW'S YOUR HERO DOING, JOEY?
THAT WOULD BE YOU, SENATOR JOEY.
I'VE GOT SOME HOT SAUCE, JOEY...
GIRLS, GIRLS...LEAVE YOUR PHONE NUMBERS IN THE GLASS BOWL, I'LL GET TO EACH ONE OF YOU...
AHEM, SENATOR DEAR, YOU'VE GOT AN 11 O'CLOCK WAITING... A MR. PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM.
CRIPES! DIDN'T DAD USED TO HANG OUT WITH HIM DURING THE DEPRESSION? GIRLS, SCATTER NOW!
-SIGH-

THANK YOU, SENAT--
HEY, POPS, HOW'S IT HANGING'? WOAH! YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD FOR, WHAT, 80? 90? SOME KIND OF SUPER-SIDE EFFECT? HUH?
YES, A SIDE-EFFECT... AND I AM 75. YOU SEE, SON, LIBERTY IS AGELESS.
ER-RIGHT WHASSSAMATTA, GRAMPS, GETTING CHILLY?

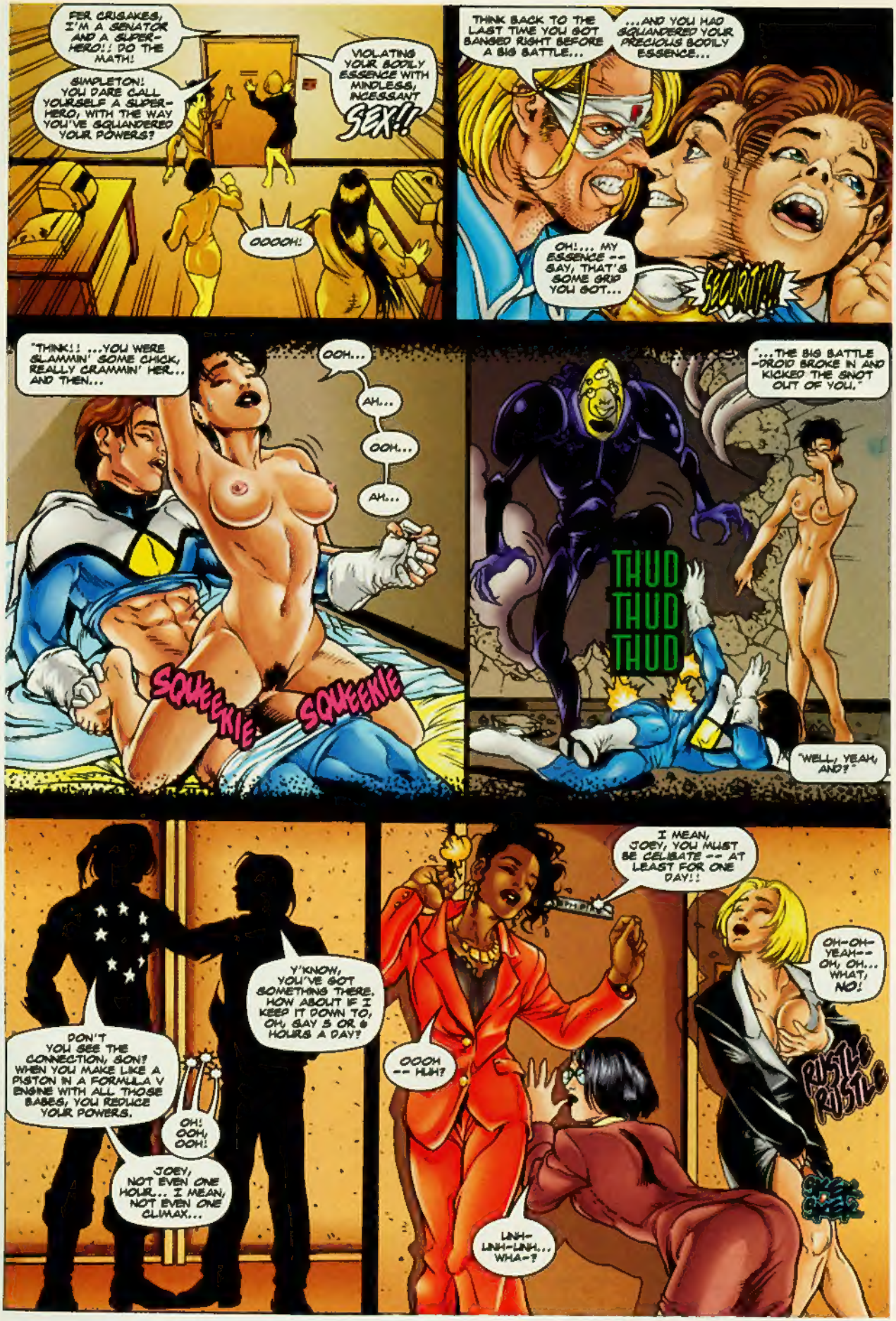

WHOOSH
K-DANK!

YOU, UH, WOULDN'T BE A EX-GIRLFRIEND WITH A SEX-CHANGE?

THOK

I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO STAND UP, BOY!

NOW, SHIT-HEAD, WHAT'S THIS CRAP ABOUT YOU BEING IN CHARGE OF A SUPER-HERO COMMITTEE?
CRUNCH


FER CRISAKES, I'M A SENATOR AND A SUPER-HERO!! DO THE MATH!
SIMPLETON! YOU DARE CALL YOURSELF A SUPER-HERO, WITH THE WAY YOU'VE SQUANDERED YOUR POWERS?
VIOLATING YOUR BODILY ESSENCE WITH MINDLESS, INCESSANT SEX!!
OOOOH!
THINK BACK TO THE LAST TIME YOU GOT BANGED RIGHT BEFORE A BIG BATTLE...
...AND YOU HAD SQUANDERED YOUR PRECIOUS BODILY ESSENCE...
OH!... MY ESSENCE -- SAY, THAT'S SOME GRIP YOU GOT...
SECURITY!!!
"THINK!! ...YOU WERE SLAMMIN' SOME CHICK, REALLY CRAMMIN' HER... AND THEN...
OOH...
AH...
OOH...
AH...
SQUEEKIE
SQUEEKIE
"...THE BIG BATTLE -DROID BROKE IN AND KICKED THE SNOT OUT OF YOU."
THUD
THUD
THUD
"WELL, YEAH, AND?"
DON'T YOU SEE THE CONNECTION, SON? WHEN YOU MAKE LIKE A PISTON IN A FORMULA V ENGINE WITH ALL THOSE BABES, YOU REDUCE YOUR POWERS.
OH! OOH, OOH!
JOEY, NOT EVEN ONE HOUR... I MEAN, NOT EVEN ONE CLIMAX...
Y'KNOW, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE. HOW ABOUT IF I KEEP IT DOWN TO, OH, SAY 5 OR 6 HOURS A DAY?
I MEAN, JOEY, YOU MUST BE CELIBATE -- AT LEAST FOR ONE DAY!!
OOOH -- HUH?
OH-OH-YEAH-- OH, OH... WHAT, NO!
RUSTLE RUSTLE
LNH-LNH-LNH... WHA-?

ALRIGHT! ONE DAY OF CELIBACY -- I CAN DO THAT!
JOEY... NO, NO, NO...
GOOD! NOW, YOU LIKE A GOOD SMOKE? SMOOTH BOURBON?
SMOKING? DRINKING? THAT'S NOT THE DIRECTION OF PURITY I THOUGHT I WAS AIMING FOR...
KID -- FIRST OFF, THIS IS THE BEST STUFF AROUND: NAT SHERMAN'S TRIBUTE CIGARS AND KNOB CREEK BOURBON! SECOND, I NEVER SAID YOU HAD TO BECOME A CARDINAL!
YOUR POP WAS THE WILDEST LADIES' MAN I EVER MET. BUT HE KNEW WHEN TO KEEP IT IN HIS PANTS AND WHEN TO LET HIS HAIR DOWN.
WOW! I'D NEVER HAVE DREAMED ABOUT DAD...
JOEY WEB SITE
JOEY CELIBATE?
GEEZ, AND I THOUGHT DAD WAS REAL UPTIGHT WET BLANKET.
FAR FROM IT... Y'SEE, HE KNEW HE HAD A ROLE TO PLAY...
NOPE, AND YOU CAN DO IT, TOO. JUST ONE THING...
...BUT LET ME TELL YOU, TO DAMES, HE COULD EXPLOIT THAT, "I MUST REMAIN DISTANT FOR THE SAKE OF MANKIND" CRAP TO THE HILT... BROADS ATE IT UP LIKE CANDY!
"...NEVER LET ANY WOMAN KNOW ABOUT THIS DELIBERATE CELIBACY. IF IT GETS AROUND THAT YOU'RE DOING THIS -- THAT YOU'RE UNOBTAINABLE...

"OH, PHIL, THAT'S RIDICULOUS -- EVERYONE KNOWS WOMAN JUST AREN'T AS INTERESTED IN SEX THE SAME WAY GUYS ARE!"
JOEY CHAT ROOM
MOST FUCKABLE MA
QUITS!
"NO!! NOT ONE OF 'EM, JOEY -- AND ESPECIALLY NOT HERICANE! IF SHE GOT WIND OF THIS, SHE'D BE ON YOU LIKE WHITE ON RICE!"
"...THEY'LL BE ALL OVER YOU LIKE BAD TASTE ON POLKA DOT BOXER SHORTS!"
"BUT, PHIL, I GOTTA TELL HERICANE -- SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN NICE TO ME."
I'M GONNA USE THAT JOEY PIKE LIKE A TURKISH PRISONER, WHEN I'M DONE WITH HIM, HE'LL HAVE RUG BURNS OVER 90% OF HIS BODY!
"SHIT, BOY, YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN!"
OOOH, JOEY JOEY JOEY!
DO THEY MAKE A JOEY VIBRATOR?
ELIBATE JOEY FEVER SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE!
SIGMA PHI A
EWW GOD! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT WITH ANOTHER GIRL?!?
I'M PRETENDING IT'S JOEY!!
NO, I'M PRETENDING IT'S JOEY!
NO, PRETEND I'M JOEY!
OOOH, GRAB MY TITS, JOEY!

LATER, OUTSIDE JOEY'S OFFICE...
OPERATION STUD BUSTER ENTERING PHASE 8...
TARGET LEAVING FRONT DOOR...
...AND LOOKING HOT!
OOH, JOEY!
Y'KNOW, I MIGHT HAVE TIME TO, LIKE, BALANCE MY CHECKBOOK... OR DO LAUNDRY...
JOEY... JOEY... JOEY!!
PIKE OFF LIMITS!
HUNH!!?
CELIBATE... YUH-SURE, NOT AFTER I GET AHOLD OF HIM...
WHA -- 'PIKE TO WOMEN: JUST TRY TO GET ME HARD...' -- OH NO!
OH, MR. PIKE...
..I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT YOUR CHANGE!!
BUT I HAVEN'T PAID YET!
LET ME GIVE IT TO YOU ANYHOW!

MUST THINK CLEAN THOUGHTS...
SENATOR JOEY, WOULD YOU STEADY MY BOTTOM WHILE I TIE MY SHOES?
I CAN SEE TO IT THAT YOU NEVER PAY FOR ANOTHER NEWSPAPER AGAIN!
I TOUCHED IT, I REALLY TOUCHED IT...
THINK CLEAN THOUGHTS.
EXCUSE ME! THERE'S A BUG DOWN MY CLEAVAGE-- WON'T YOU FISH IT OUT... SLOWLY?
...CLEAN THOUGHTS... CLEAN TH-THOUGHTS...
JOEY!! I'VE GOT MY BJ SLOBBER BIB ON...
...I HARDLY EVER SPILL A DROP!
...C-CLEAN... C-CLEA--
JOEY
UH, MISS, ER, LADIES... I APPEAL TO YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY...
MISS. THIS IS FUTILE! MEN CAN'T BE TAKEN AGAINST THEIR WILL...!
OH-HOH-- YES!: I'M GOING TO MILK THIS ALL-DAY SUCKER DRY!
HO-LEE... I'LL DUCK INTO THE PARK... HIDE THERE...

welcome to the 69 BI-ANNUAL
NYMPHOMANIAC FESTIVAL
JOEY
JOEY
HI, JOEY!
HOSPITALITY SUITE, RIGHT HERE, JOEY!
NO, ME!
I'M YOUR HOSTESS, JOEY!
ME!
KISSING BOOTH--OR WHATEVER!!
NYMPHOS UNITE
PROUD 2 B A NYM
AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!
HERE, JOEY! GET MORE COMFORTABLE...
UH, GIRLS...
...HEY!
GOTCHA!
THAT'S MY...
NO! CUT THAT OUT...
AAH!
RIP!
RIP!
RIP!
RIP!
NICE THIGHS, JOEY!
NICE SCROTUM, JOEY!
MOMMY! --I'M OUTTA HERE!!
HEY, LADY! GET OFFA ME!
I HAVE YOU NOW, LITTLE BUDDY!
COME HERE, JOEY!
JOE--EEY!!
JOEY!
COME BACK, JOEY!
JOEY!

JEEZ, LADY, YOU'RE GONNA GET HURT!
( WILL STRONG... BODY WEAK... UH-OH, MAJOR SENSATIONS... CAN'T FLY...!! )
MLLLG! MM-MMMG! MM, MM...
WOW! I REALLY RESPECT A MAN WHO'S NOT AFRAID TO KILL A GIRL ON THE FIRST DATE!
UMMP-PH!
JOEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
UGH, GOOD THING MY DICK'S SUPER STRONG-- I THINK THAT GIRL KNOCKED OUT A TOOTH.
JOEY, IS THAT DUMB BITCH DEAD? CAN I COMFORT YOU?
OOOH, JOEY, YOU'RE HURT... YOU'RE DIZZY... LET ME LOOSEN YOUR...
...UNDERWEAR!
OH... YESSS!
RIP!

SILLY LITTLE TROLLOP!
WHOOSH
OOOOOH
CRUNCH
OH SHIT, IT'S HERICANE! AND SHE'S GOT BLOOD IN HER EYE!!
GET BACK GIRLS... NOW.
THIS ONE'S MINE!
GULP!!!
BUT, HONEY... I WASN'T ENJOYING MYSELF... HOW COULD YOU THINK THAT...?
JOEY PIKE, DON'T YOU HANG THERE AND TELL ME YOU ARE SOME KIND OF F'IN BOY SCOUT...
BUT I TELL YOU... Y'SEE THIS OLD GUY; HE...
HONEY, IT WAS LIKE GETTING RAPED; THEY WERE ANIMALS!
HUSH, SWEET-HEART -- YOU'RE STARTING TO RAVE...
OUR SCORE SO FAR: GIRLS:1-- JOEY: ZERO -- ADVANTAGE: HERICANE!
SPEAKING OF ANIMALS... I'VE GOT THIS WILD PUSSY THAT NEEDS TAMING...!
GULP! ...PHILLIE... SO OLD AND YET SO RIGHT!
THE END?

# POLLUTION

ALL YOU TWO DO IS COMPLAIN! YOU DON'T LIKE THIS- YOU DON'T LIKE THAT

CAN'T YOU SEE, THE WORLD IS ALL FRESH AND CLEAN NOW NOTHING TO BITCH ABOUT

UGH!

©1995 RICH CORBEN

YEUCK! MEAT STINK GOT WORMS!

THAT'S NOTHING!

SPITUEY! YELLOW WATER TASTE BAD

MASTODONS WERE HERE EARLIER. NO BIG DEAL!

CHOKE! KOFF! AIR HOT AND DIRTY!

SO-? OLD SMOKEY BELCHED THAT'S ALL

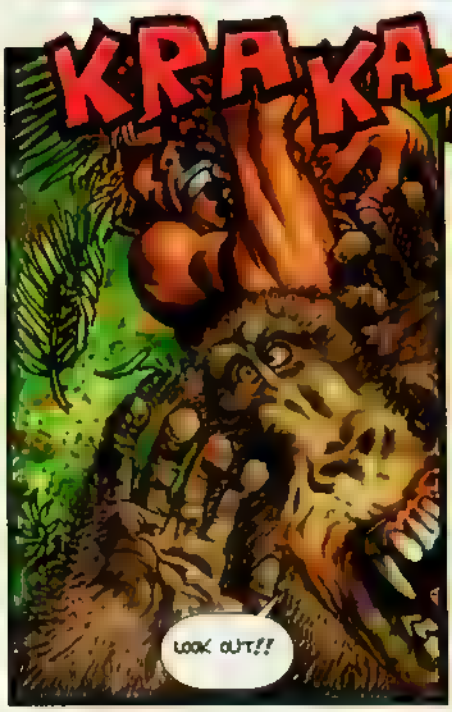
YOU WIMPS HAVE GOT IT EASY. IT'S A PARADISE HERE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. WELL- MAYBE ONE TINY RARE FLAW-

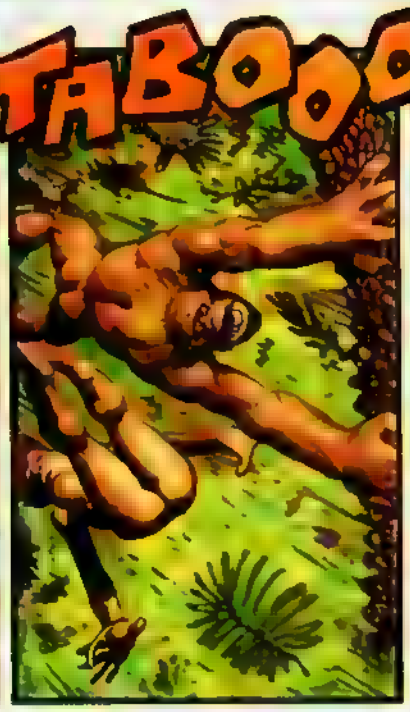
WHAT?

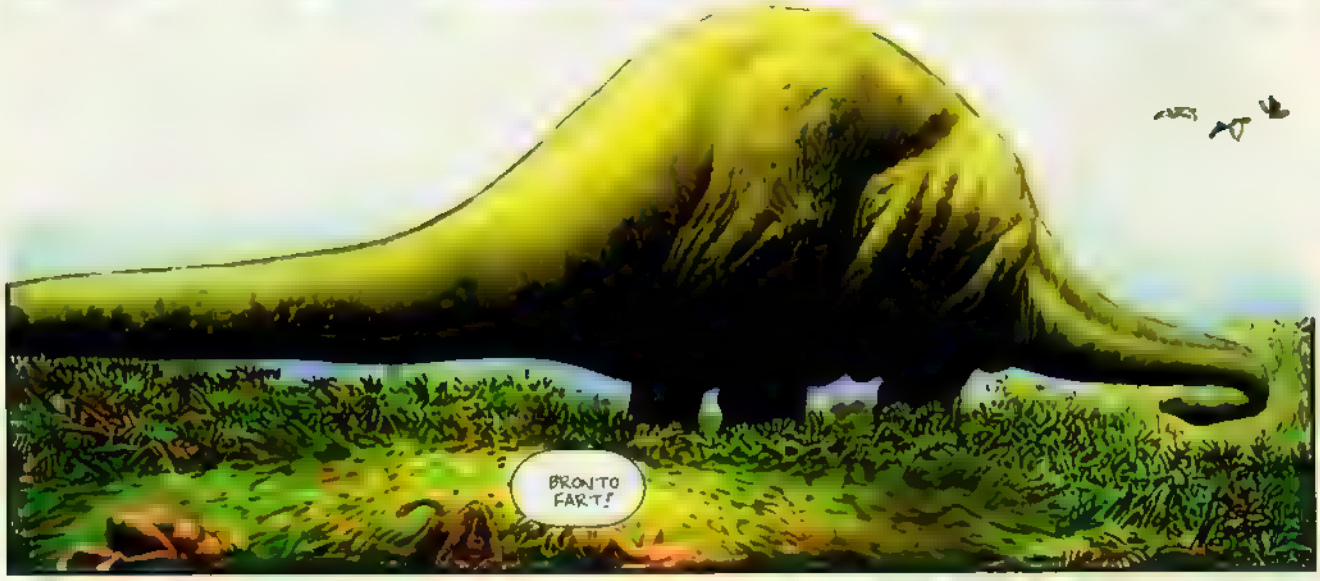
NOTHING IT'S-

IT'S-

NO, NO! IT'S-
RRRRLLLUMMMMBBLLEE

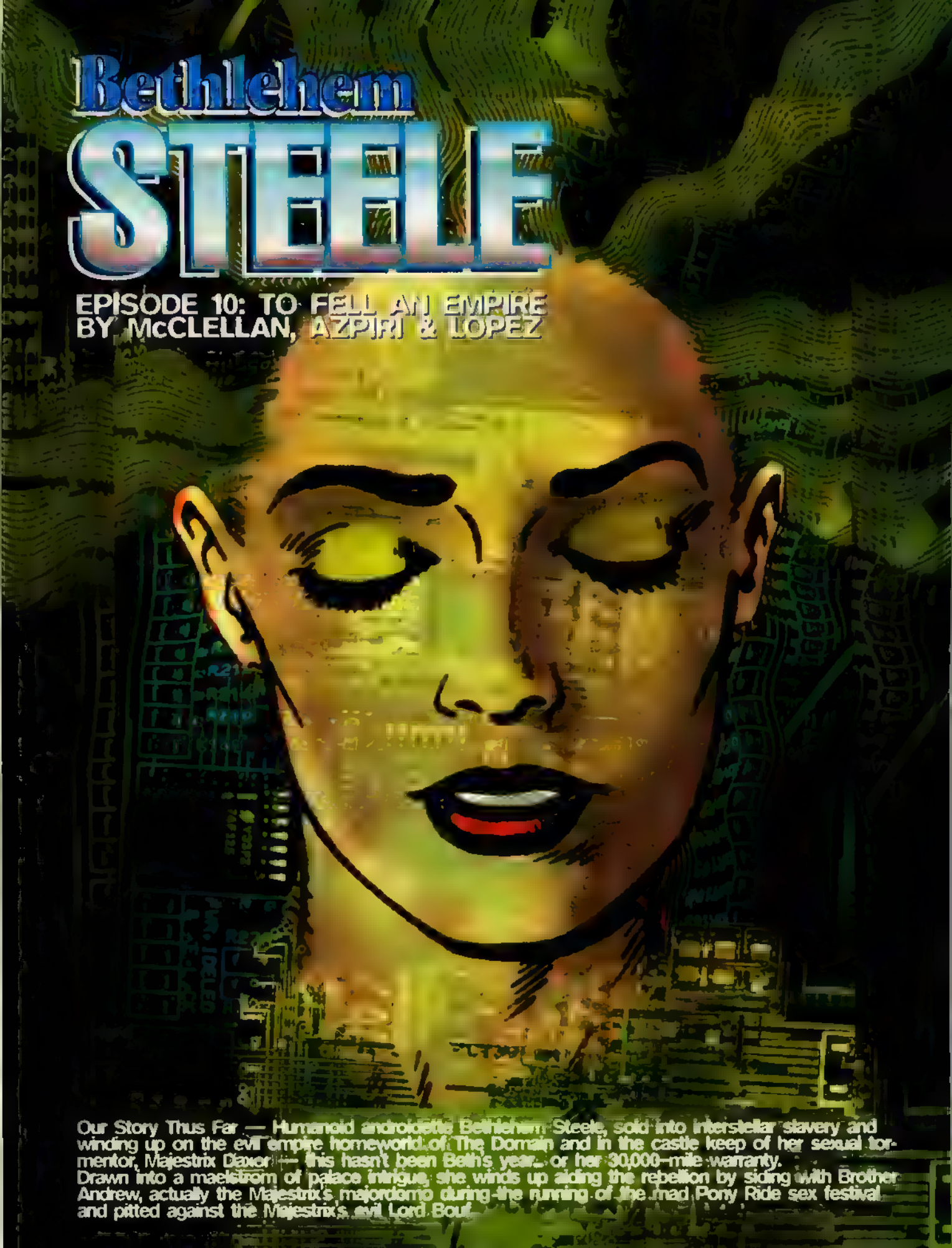

KRAKATABOOOOMMPH!
LOOK OUT!!




BRONTO FART!

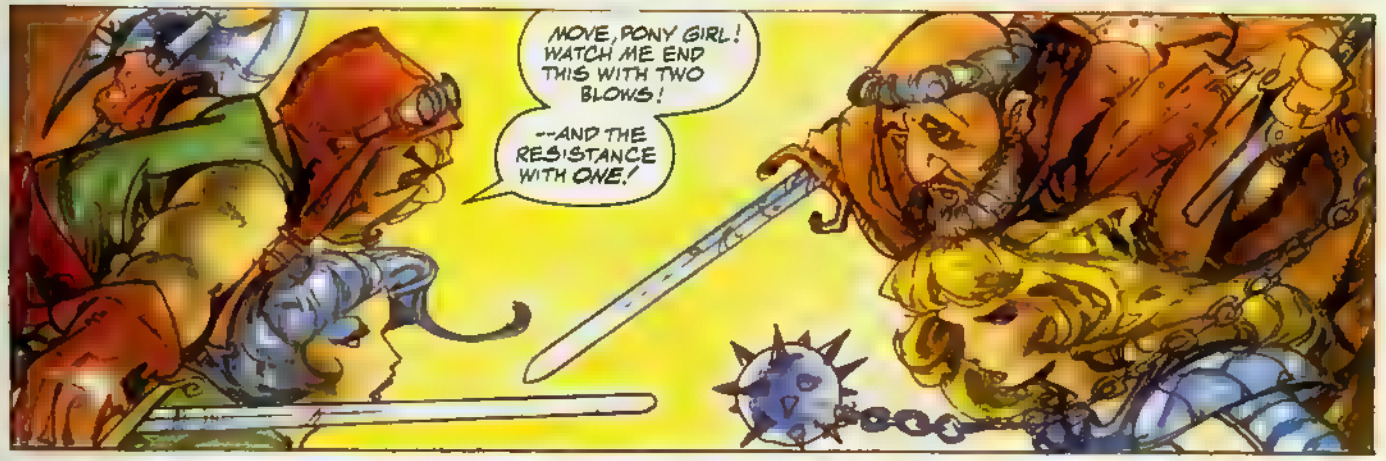
# Bethlehem STEELE

## EPISODE 10: TO FELL AN EMPIRE
BY McCLELLAN, AZPIRI & LOPEZ



Our Story Thus Far — Humanoid androidette Bethlehem Steele, sold into interstellar slavery and winding up on the evil empire homeworld of The Domain and in the castle keep of her sexual tormentor, Majestrix Daxor — this hasn't been Beth's year... or her 30,000-mile warranty.
Drawn into a maelstrom of palace intrigue, she winds up aiding the rebellion by siding with Brother Andrew, actually the Majestrix's majordomo during the running of the mad Pony Ride sex festival and pitted against the Majestrix's evil Lord Bouf.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF PLEASURE ON PLANET ANTARES. NOW A SECRET ARENA FOR COURT INTRIGUE AND GLOBAL REVOLT
WHATEVER HAPPENS TO ME, OUTWORLDER, DON'T EXPOSE YOUR SPECIAL GIFTS TO THIS LOT. YET I WILL TAKE CARE OF "LORD TRENT," THIS WRETCHED BOUF. YOU WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR YOURSELF THEN...
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU EXPECT NOT TO BE AROUND TO CELEBRATE OUR WIN--
REMEMBER, OUR WORLD DEPENDS ON YOU.
READY, MONK GARCIA? OTHERWORLDER? THEN LET'S GO!

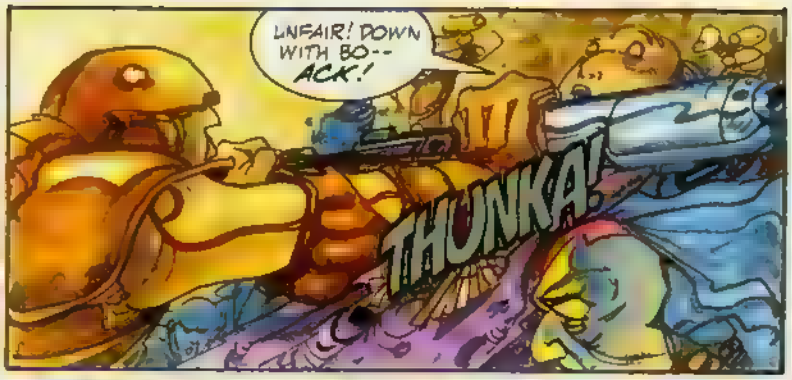

MOVE, PONY GIRL! WATCH ME END THIS WITH TWO BLOWS!
--AND THE RESISTANCE WITH ONE!

WHOOSH!
GARCIA ISN'T EVEN TRYING!
OOF!
FOUL! FOUL!
LORD BOUF--THIS ISN'T TO THE DEATH!
THE NEXT PERSON WHO SPEAKS, DIES!
¡GRUMBLE! ¡MUMBLE!
AND I'M WILLING TO USE THE ROYAL GUARD TO ENFORCE MY WISHES.
ISN'T THAT SO, MAJESTRIX?
AS YOU SAY, LORD BOUF.
.. MY MASTER.

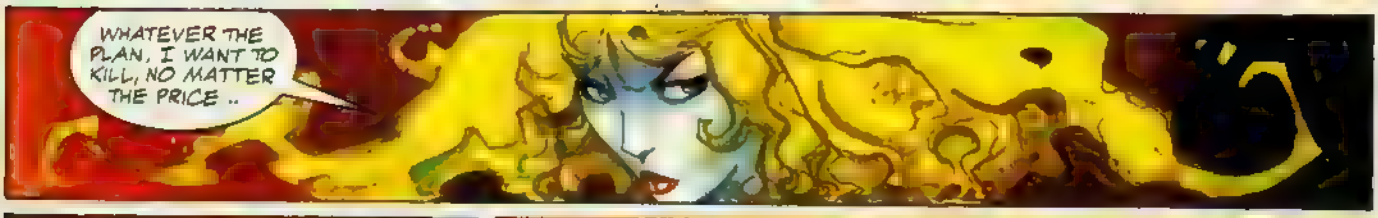
WOW, BROTHER!
OOF!
WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT!
BACK UP! YOU PIG! MOVE! MOVE!
HELP!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, WHORE?! LOOK AT MY PANTALOONS! THEY'RE TORN!
A THOUSAND PARDONS, SIRE.
IT'S THE OUTLANDER HOW CAN SHE MOVE LIKE THAT WITH THAT FAT SACK OF SHIT ON HER BACK?
MY SPIES WERE CORRECT!
BUT WE CAN ANALYZE THE VIDEO LATER. QUICKLY, GET ME A CLEAR SHOT AT HIM
HOLD ON!
HA, HA! GO, YOU SADDLE SLUT!
DIE, HOLY MAN!

÷GASP!÷
FOUL! FOUL!!
UNFAIR! MURDERER!
YOU BLOODY KILLER! YOU CANNOT HURL YOUR WEAPON!
NO?! WELL THEN, ONE DEMERIT FOR POOR BOUF.
BROTHER MONKS, YOU HAVE MY MOST HUMBLE APOLOGY
HA, HA, HAAA!!

WON'T YOU PLEASE FORGIVE ME? ISN'T MERCY ONE OF YOUR MOST SACRED VIRTUES?
HE DID IT ON PURPOSE SUCH A SACRIFICE. PART OF ANDREW'S PLAN?

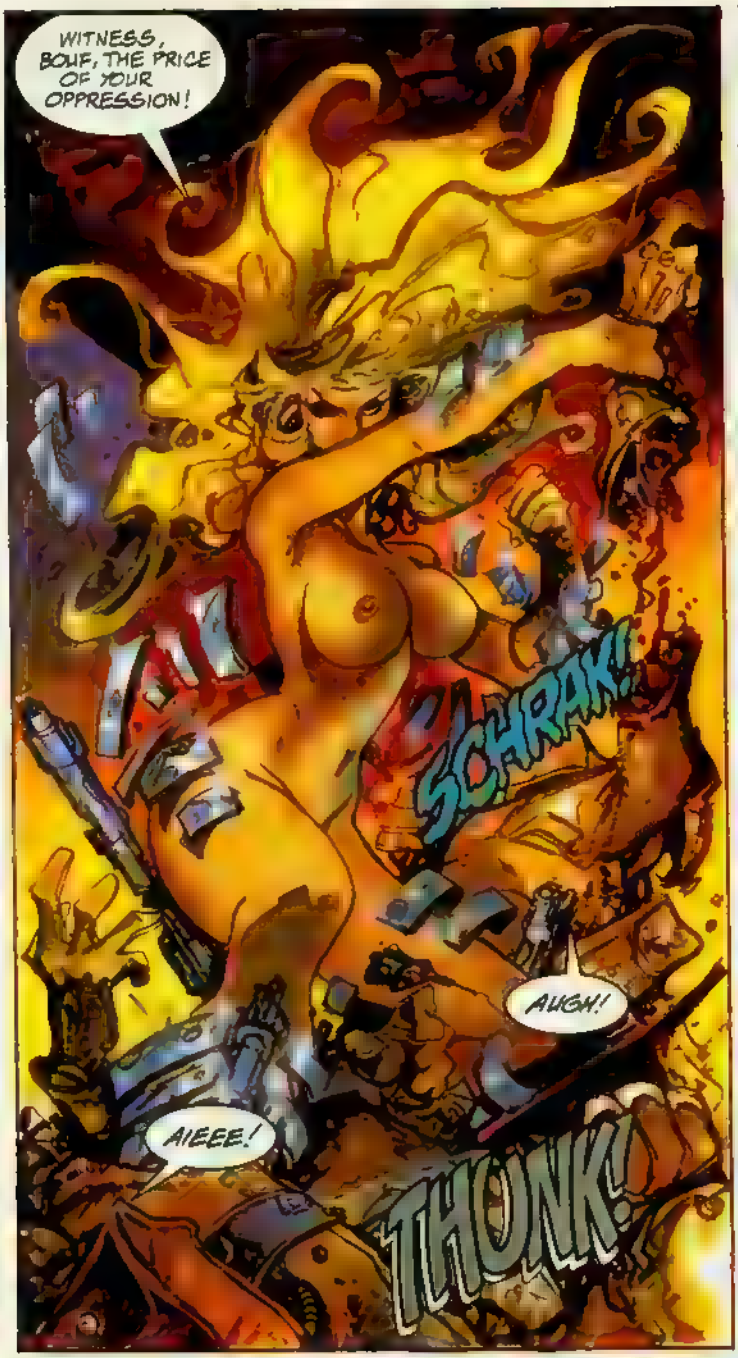

UNFAIR! DOWN WITH BO-- ACK!
THUNKA!

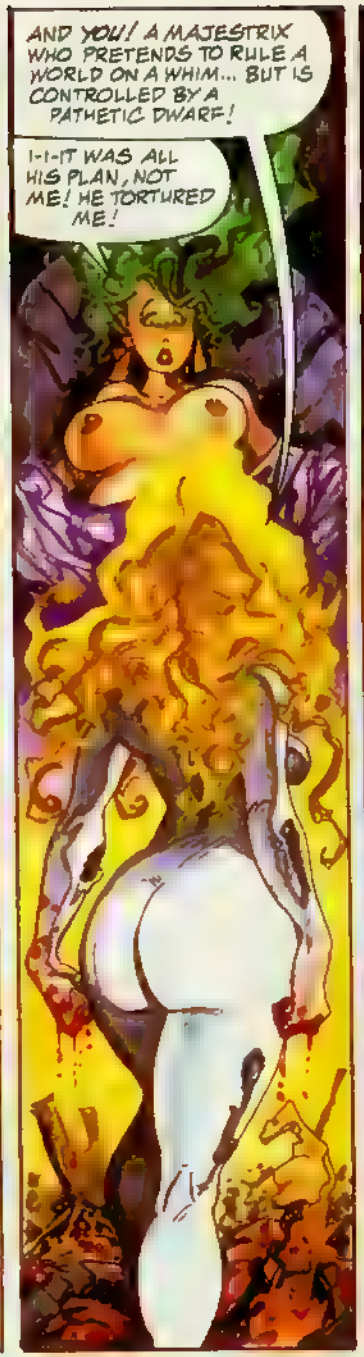
MERCY AS ONE OF YOUR VIRTUES, BOUF? YES IT IS. I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY COMPLETELY AND WITHOUT RESERVATION. WHAT A SPLENDID FELLOW YOU ARE.
OH, THANK YOU, BROTHER MONK YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN ME, NO QUESTION! HA, HA, HAA, HAAA!!

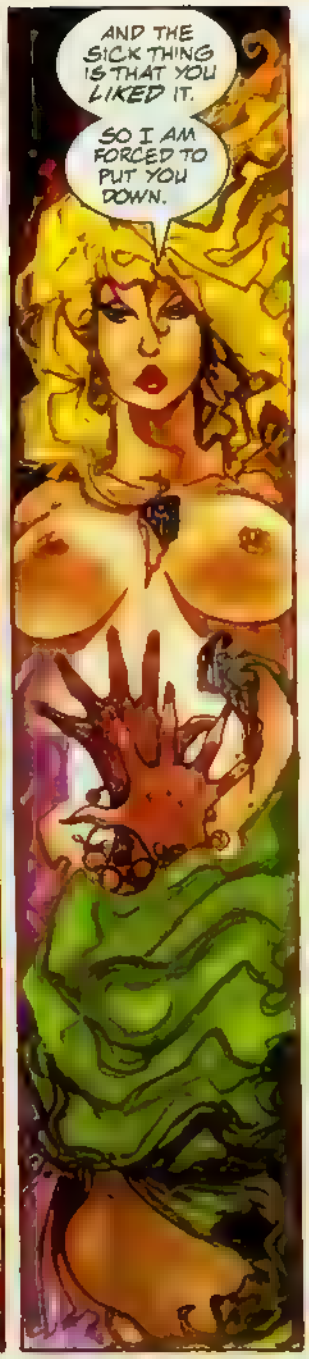

WHATEVER THE PLAN, I WANT TO KILL, NO MATTER THE PRICE ..

STEADY, BROTHERS. JUST ABOUT TIME...

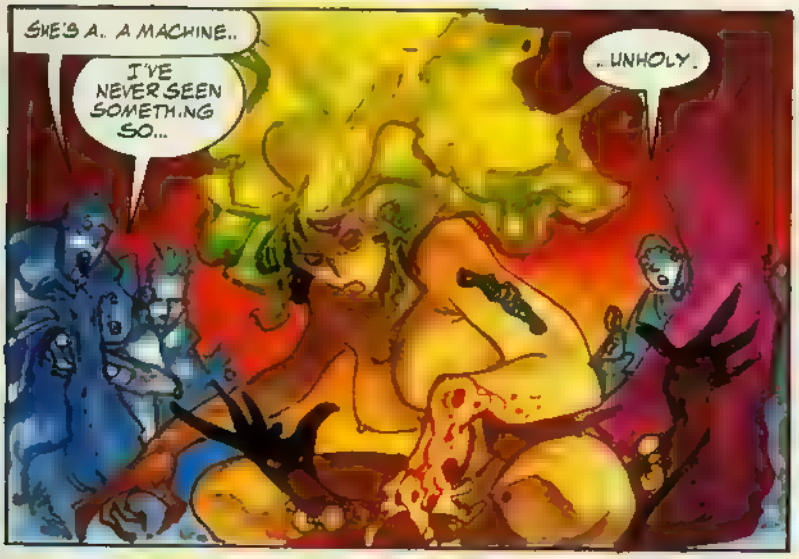
ENOUGH!! BOUF-- YOU DIE TODAY!!
SCHIK
SCHIK
AUUGH!


WITNESS, BOUF, THE PRICE OF YOUR OPPRESSION!
SCHRAK!
AUGH!
AIEEE!
THUNK!


AND YOU! A MAJESTRIX WHO PRETENDS TO RULE A WORLD ON A WHIM... BUT IS CONTROLLED BY A PATHETIC DWARF!
I-I-IT WAS ALL HIS PLAN, NOT ME! HE TORTURED ME!


AND THE SICK THING IS THAT YOU LIKED IT.
SO I AM FORCED TO PUT YOU DOWN.

...LIKE I WOULD ANY SICK ANIMAL.


SHE'S A.. A MACHINE..
I'VE NEVER SEEN SOMETHING SO...
..UNHOLY..

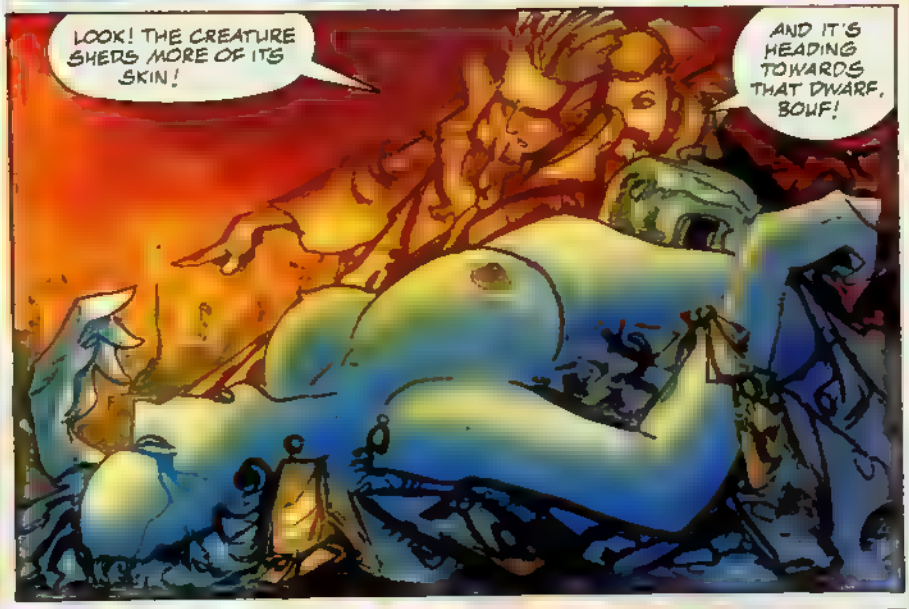
NOW! WHILE THE OUTWORLDER OCCUPIES THE GUARDS!

BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
HNT!

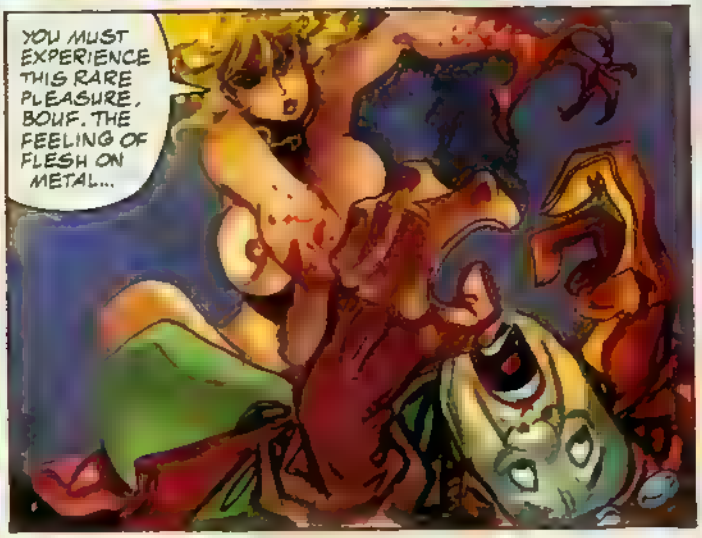
AND NOW, BOUF. IT'S YOUR TURN.

N-NO! I CAN OFFER YOU RICHES! MEN! WOMEN! ANYTHING YOU WANT!

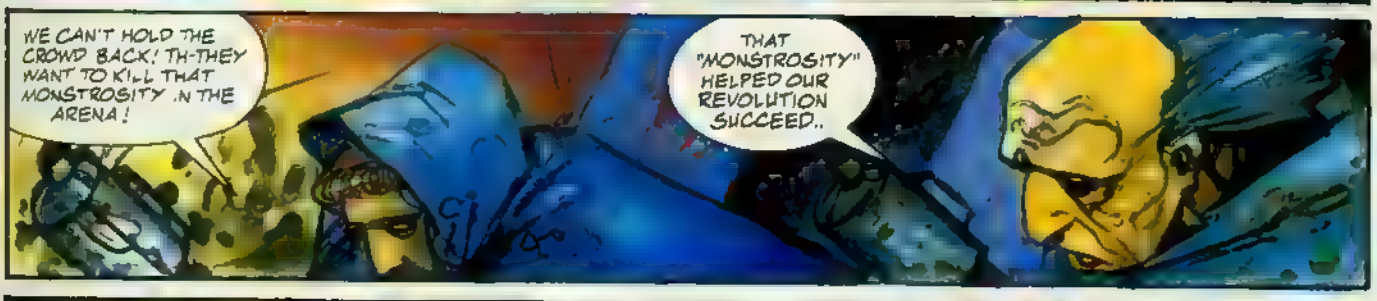
THE SHIP, BROTHER? IT IS PREPARED?
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY WE HAD TO SPEND THE RESISTANCE'S MONEY ON SUCH AN EXPENSE, BUT, YES, IT WAS DONE


LOOK! THE CREATURE SHEDS MORE OF ITS SKIN!
AND IT'S HEADING TOWARDS THAT DWARF, BOUF!

WHAT'S THIS, BOUF? NEVER SEEN AN ANDROID? AN ARTIFICIAL HUMAN BEING?


YOU MUST EXPERIENCE THIS RARE PLEASURE, BOUF. THE FEELING OF FLESH ON METAL...

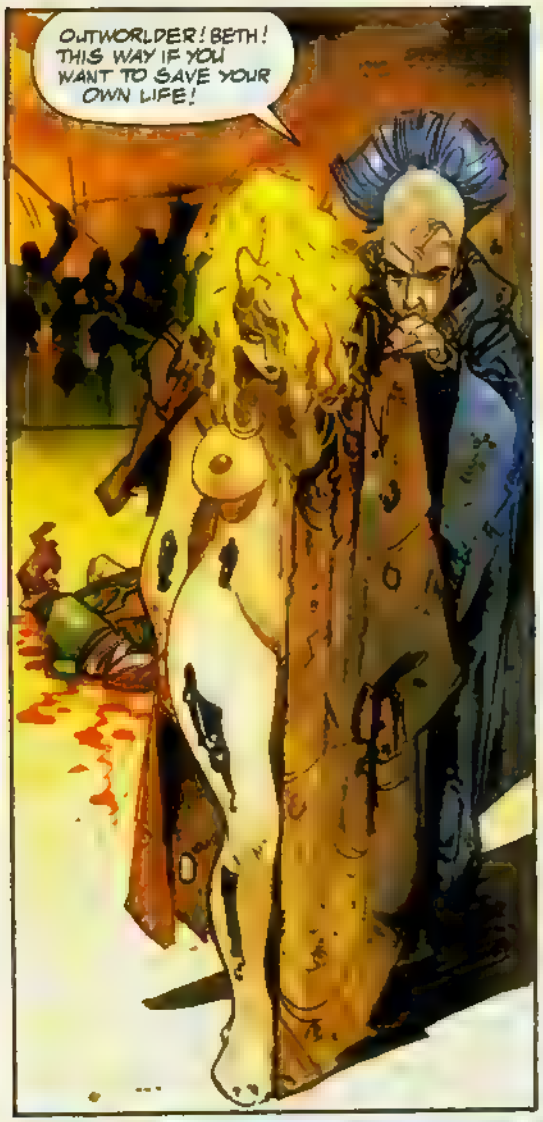
THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!


WE CAN'T HOLD THE CROWD BACK! TH-THEY WANT TO KILL THAT MONSTROSITY IN THE ARENA!
THAT "MONSTROSITY" HELPED OUR REVOLUTION SUCCEED..

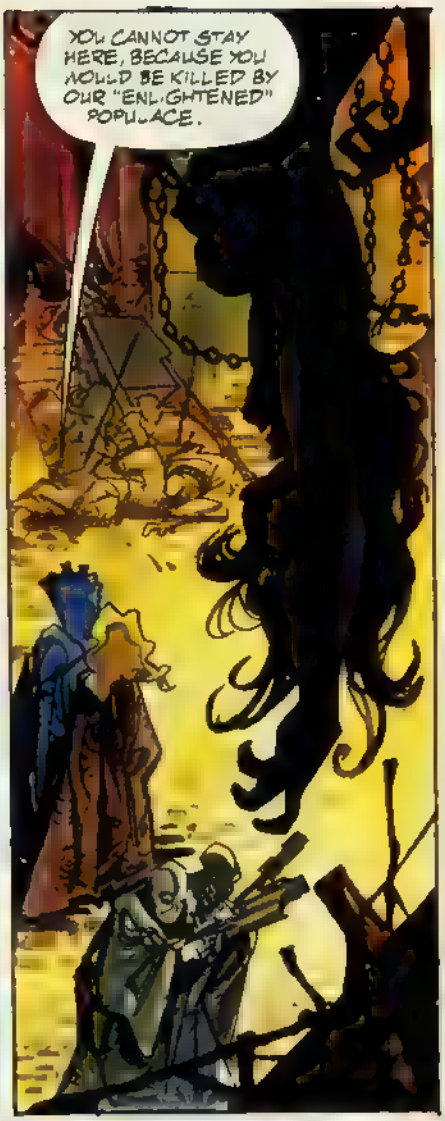
"MAKE SURE THE WAY IS PREPARED! THE WORD IN THE PROVINCES IS GOOD-- WE HAVE WON!"

"WE OWE HER OUR LIVES, MAN WE CAN SURELY OFFER HER THE PATH OUT THAT SHE TOOK TO REACH OUR WORLD..."

"WE SHALL SEE TO IT, ANDREW. YOUR FORESIGHT IN THIS TIME OF STRIFE WILL MAKE YOU A RESPECTED LEADER."
AND NOW, BOUF, YOUR FINEST AND LAST... SENSUAL PLEASURE!
SPLUT!
ACK!


OUTWORLDER! BETH! THIS WAY IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE!

I HAVE PREPARED A SHIP FOR YOU, SET FOR THE QUADRANT WE FOUND YOU IN...


YOU CANNOT STAY HERE, BECAUSE YOU WOULD BE KILLED BY OUR "ENLIGHTENED" POPULACE.

PLEASE FORGIVE THEM, BETH. THEY DO NOT KNOW ABOUT YOUR KIND.

YOU DIDN'T KNOW, EITHER.
BUT I DO NOW. AND I'M SORRY YOU'RE LEAVING. I... I EVEN WISH I COULD GO WITH YOU, IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME...

LOOOOK! I SAW HER TAKE PLEASURE ONCE FROM THE DEFILER, BOUF!
THE OUTWORLDER! KILL HER!

I THINK YOUR SUBJECTS CALL TO YOU, ANDREW...
I WISH WE COULD HAVE MET IN ANY WAY BUT THIS

CLANK!

"I INCLUDED IN YOUR STORES BOXES OF TECHNOLOGY FORBIDDEN TO OUR WORLD, THAT WILL PERHARS HELP YOU MEND YOUR BODY."
BRRMMM

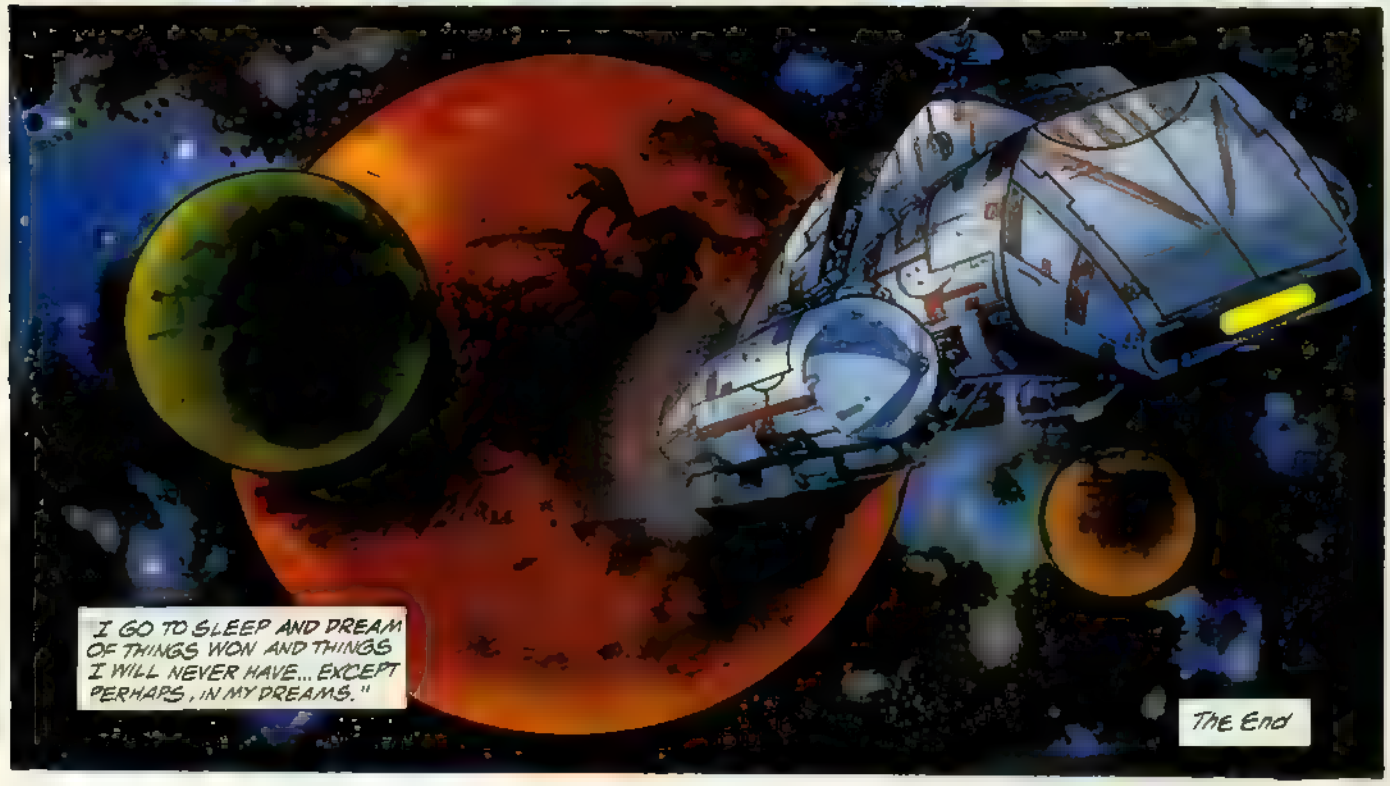
"ALWAYS THINKING AHEAD, ANDREW. YOU WILL MAKE A FINE LEADER OF THIS WORLD."
STAND BACK! THE DEVIL OUTWORLDER FLEES!

"GOOD-BYE, FRIEND ANDREW."
FAREWELL, MY BEAUTIFUL OUTWORLDER BETH.

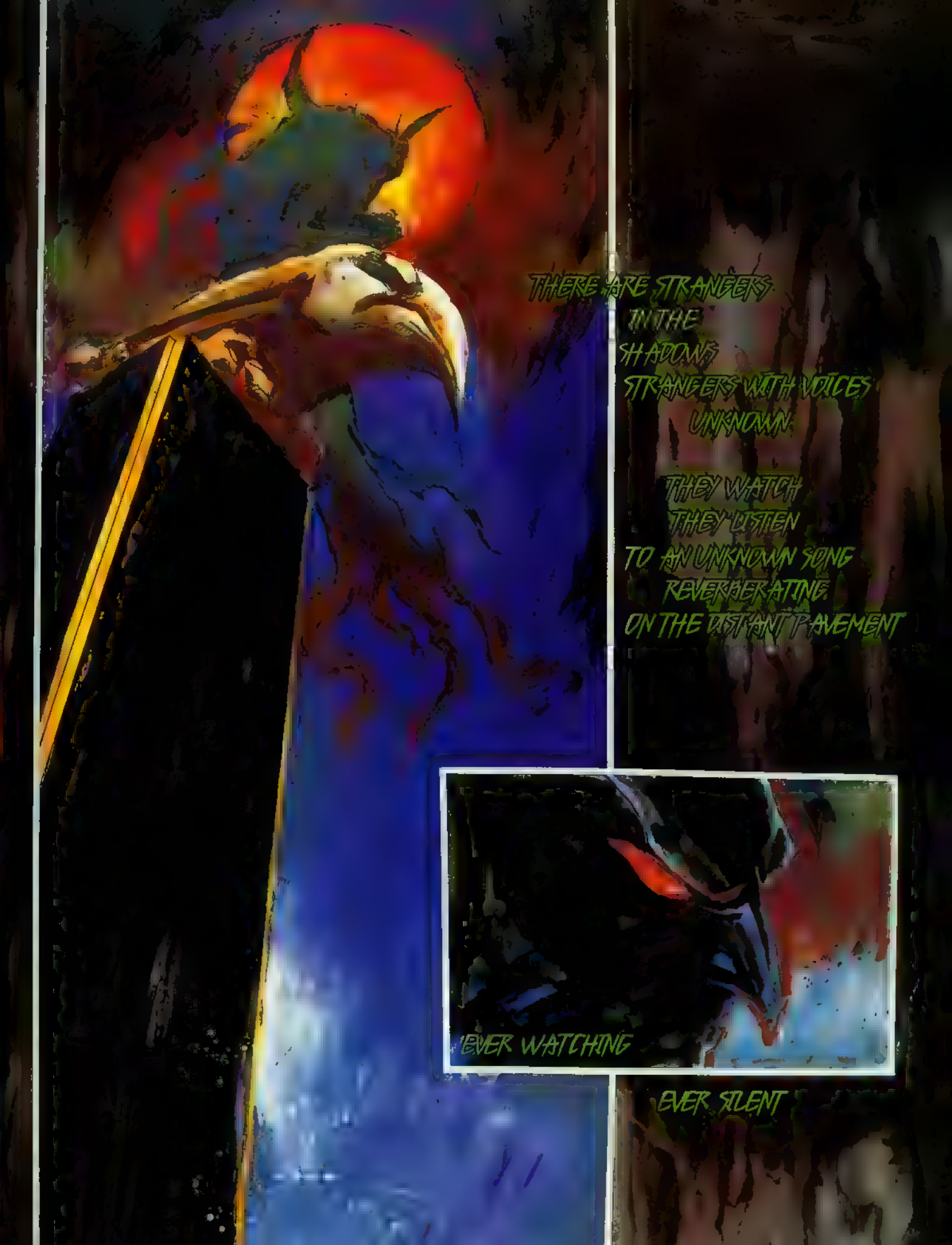
GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!
YOU STRUCK A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, THAT'S FOR SURE, KING ANDREW.

I AM TIRED OF KINGS AND QUEENS, LORDS AND COUNTS! NO MORE!!
I AM MERELY YOUR LEADER, AND NEXT YEAR, IF YOU DEEM ME WORTHY, I WILL BE YOUR LEADER AGAIN.

NOW BE OFF AND CELEBRATE. STAY UP THE WHOLE NIGHT SO YOU CAN RECOUNT TODAY'S EVENTS TO YOUR GRANDCHILDREN. BECAUSE TOMORROW, WE BEGIN OUR WORLD ANEW.
AND YOU, KING A-- I MEAN, ANDREW?


I GO TO SLEEP AND DREAM OF THINGS WON AND THINGS I WILL NEVER HAVE... EXCEPT PERHAPS, IN MY DREAMS."
The End

INTENSE PASSION HAS A PRESENCE AND A NAME...
WHEN THE SHADOWS LOOM DARKEST AND MOST THREATENING
LOOK CLOSELY - HE IS THERE...
SCRATCH A MAD SOUL AND FIND A SANE SINNER...
NIGHTCLAW
DANCING WITH THE NIGHT'S SHADOW
PLOT by McCLELLAN & BEACHUM SCRIPT & ART by BEACHUM


THERE ARE STRANGERS
IN THE
SHADOWS
STRANGERS WITH VOICES
UNKNOWN
THEY WATCH
THEY LISTEN
TO AN UNKNOWN SONG
REVERBERATING
ON THE DISTANT PAVEMENT
EVER WATCHING
EVER SILENT

SHE MOVES WITH ANIMAL SLEEKNESS
ALERT
STALKING
SHE CAN FEEL THEIR BURNING HEAT
SMELL THE MUSK OF DESIRE
BUILDING
KNOWING IT MUST HAVE
VIOLENT RELEASE
SHED MADE HER CHOICE
TO ENTERTAIN THE DANCE OF MALE LUST

THE DANCE BEGINS
THIS TIME –
UNWANTED –
UNSTOPPABLE

OUT OF THE DARKNESS
THE SKY SPLITS
IN TWO
THEY KNOW THIS SOUND
THEY KNOW IT'S THE SOUND OF DEATH

THEY'VE WAITED FOR IT
THEY'VE FLIRTED WITH IT
THEY'VE DARED IT'S SHARP CARESS

THEY ARE CREATED IN KIND
AND BEGIN THE JOURNEY
TO OBLIVION
SHE WATCHES THE STRANGER
WATCH HER
WHAT LURKS
IN THE SHADOW
OF HIS MALENESS?
VIOLENCE?
DESIRE?

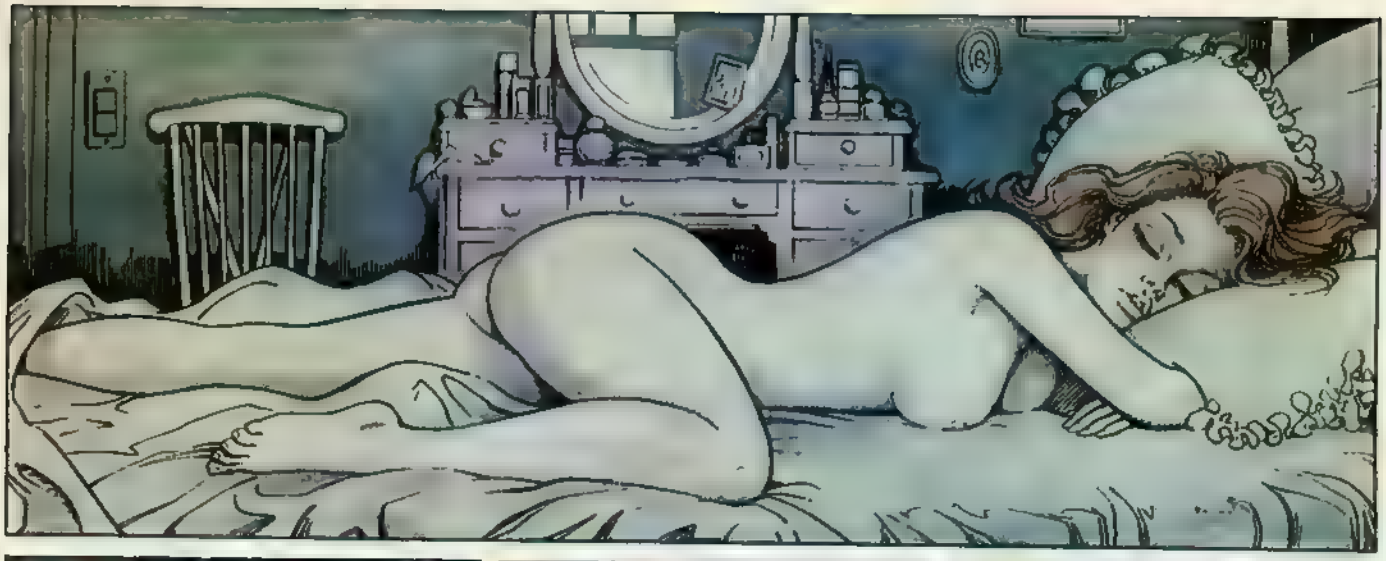
SADNESS?
SHE WILL NOT KNOW
HE DOES NOT TOUCH
AND IS TOUCHED BY NOTHING
ONLY THE NIGHT RECEIVES HIM
LIKE HIM WATCHING.
LISTENING. WAITING.
FIN

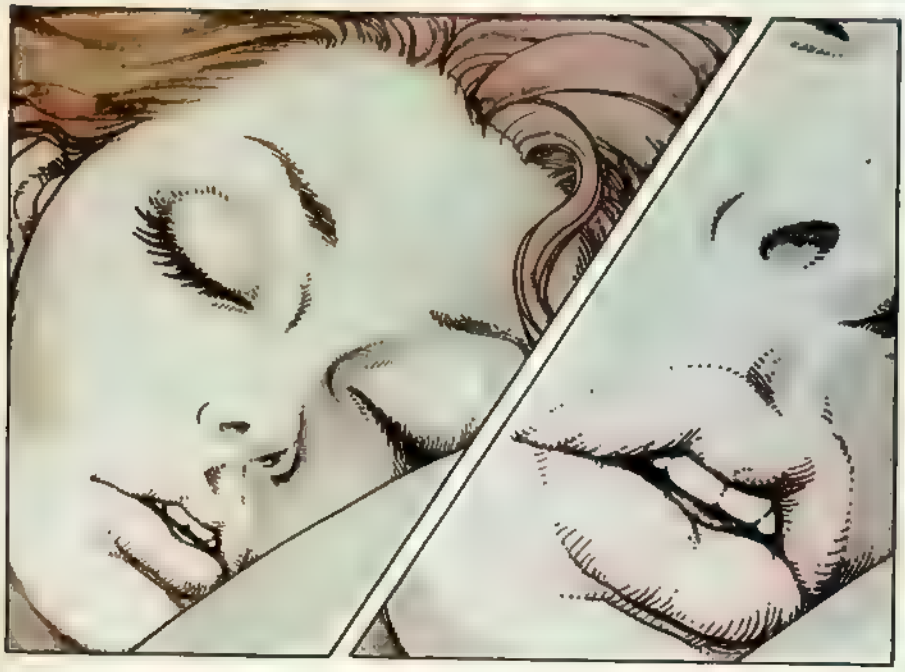
# The Young Witches

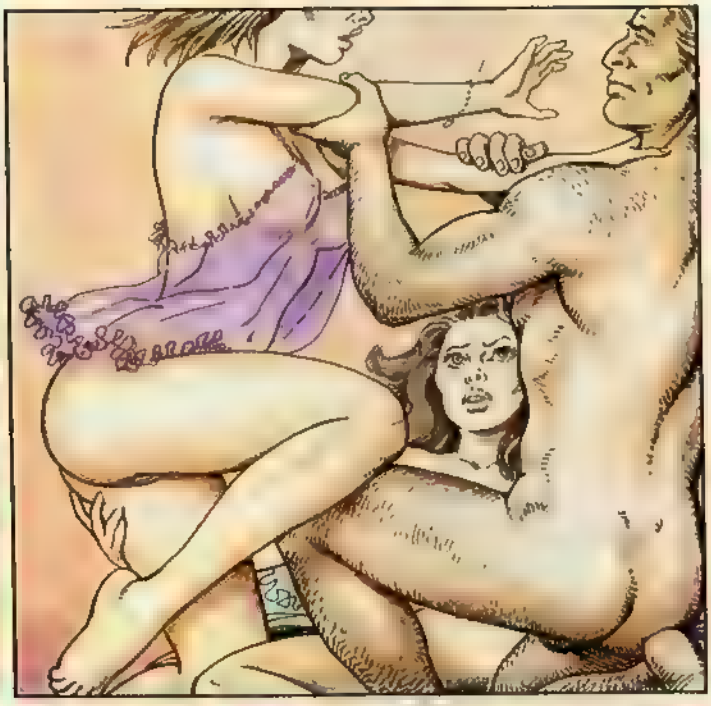
Francisco Solano Lopez, although new to Penthouse Comix, is an international veteran of the comics scene, having worked for virtually every publisher and in every genre conceivable. Solano Lopez first rose to fame in his native Argentina with his work on the science fiction series El Eternauta in the 50s. His rendering style is reminiscent of early John Severin. In the 60s he worked for Fleetway Publishing, turning out weekly installments of various British adventure serials.

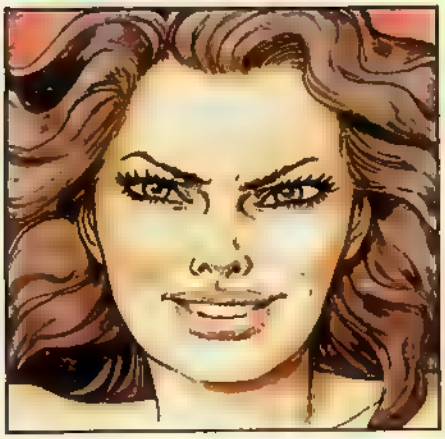
In the last 20 years, Solano has re-established his identity in the comic world by creating such diverse and highly regarded works as Deep City, a hard-boiled crime series, with writer Carlos Sampayo (English publication by Catalan Communications); Ana, a grisly dystopian fantasy written by his son, Gabriel (appearing in English as a graphic album by Fantagraphics Books); Slot-Barr, an erotic sci-fi adventure written by Ricardo Barreiro (printed in America by Eros Comix under the title Peter Kock); an adaptation of the classic horror film Freaks, written by underground legend, Jim Woodring (published by Monster Comics); an illustrated adaptation of the Roger Corman film, Burial of the Rats; and much more.

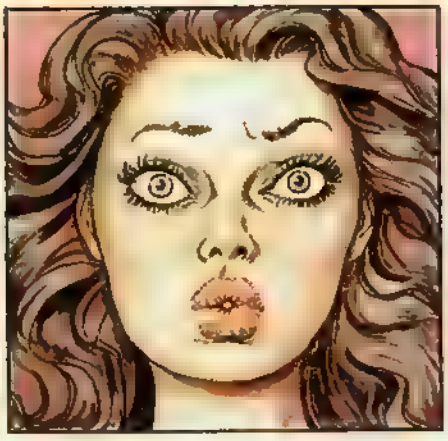
Solano's excursions into the realm of the sexually explicit have been especially well received, beginning with his and Barreiro's El Instituto (published in English by Eros Comix as Young Witches), a graphic novel about two Victorian-era innocents corrupted by a satanic cult operating as an orphanage. Most recently, Lopez has busted himself with an epic-length sequel to Young Witches titled London Babylon, in which the much-abused heroines of the original graphic novel journey to London and meet up with such historical and fictional figures as Sigmund Freud, Dr. Jekyll and Jack the Ripper; it will appear as a monthly comic by Eros Comix. On the facing page, Penthouse Comix proudly presents a sampling of Solano's sensual, exotic, wordless full-color series: Silly Symphonies

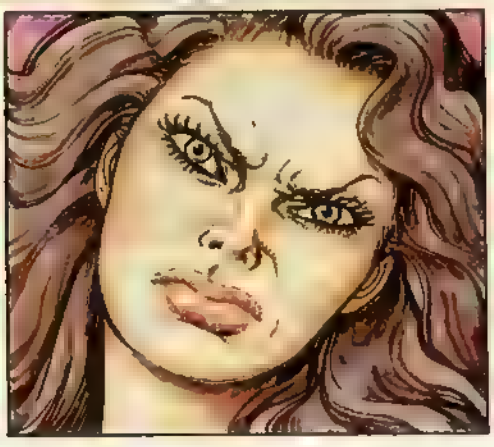


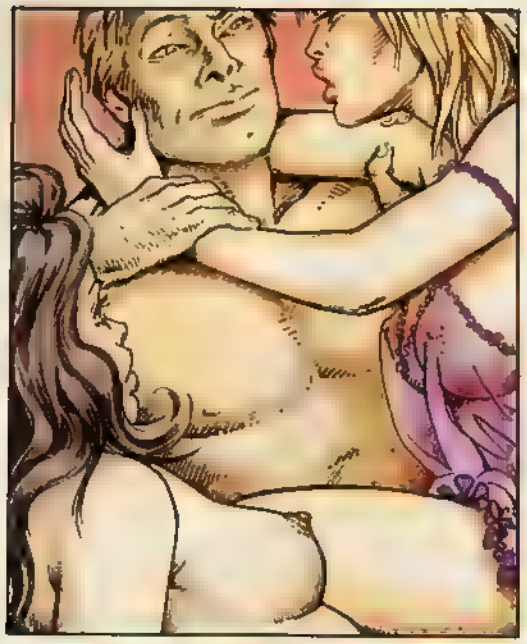
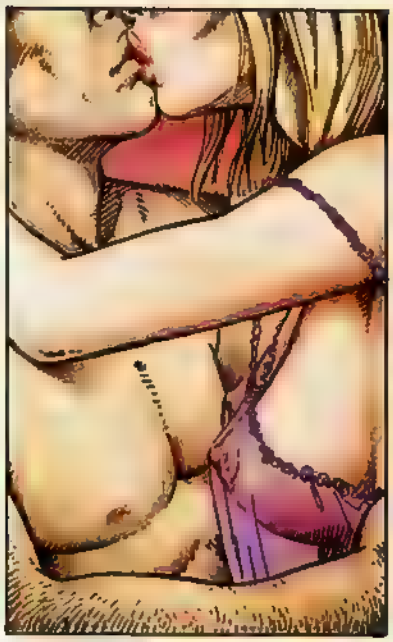
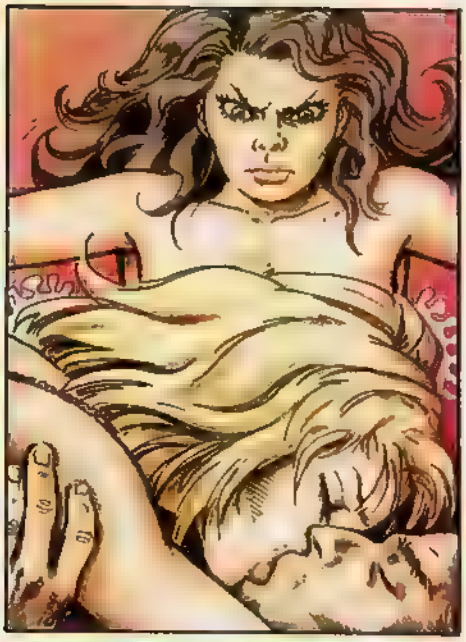
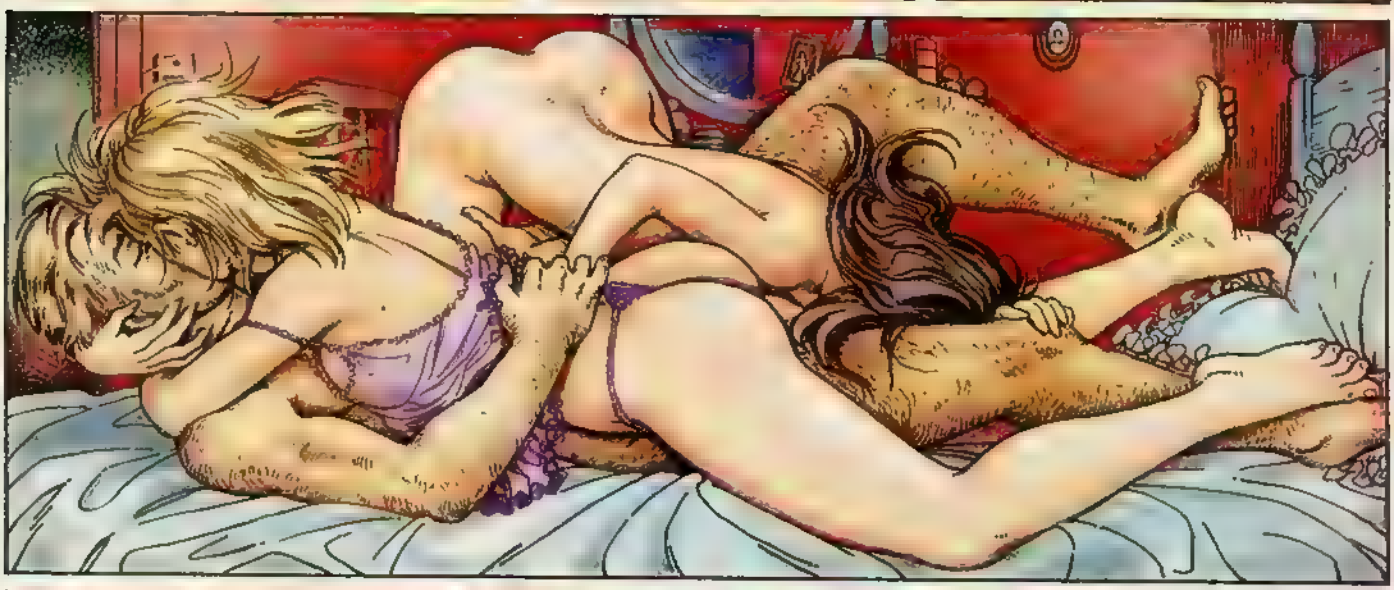
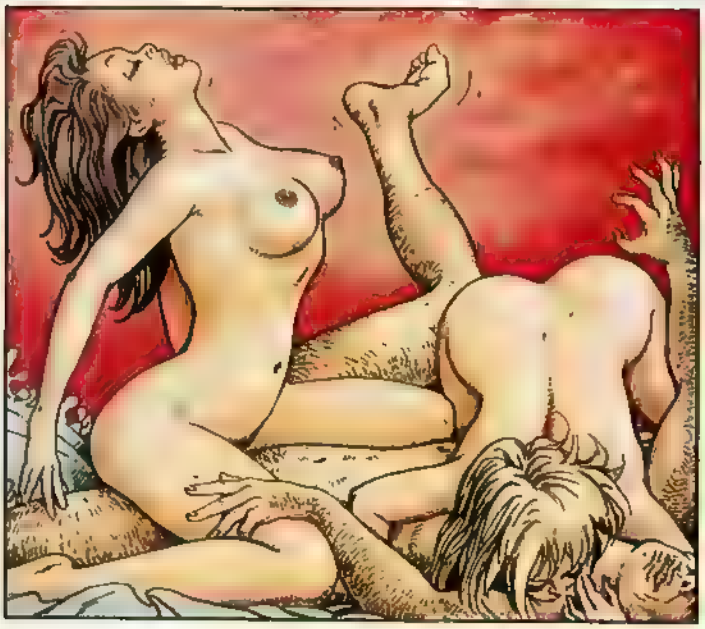
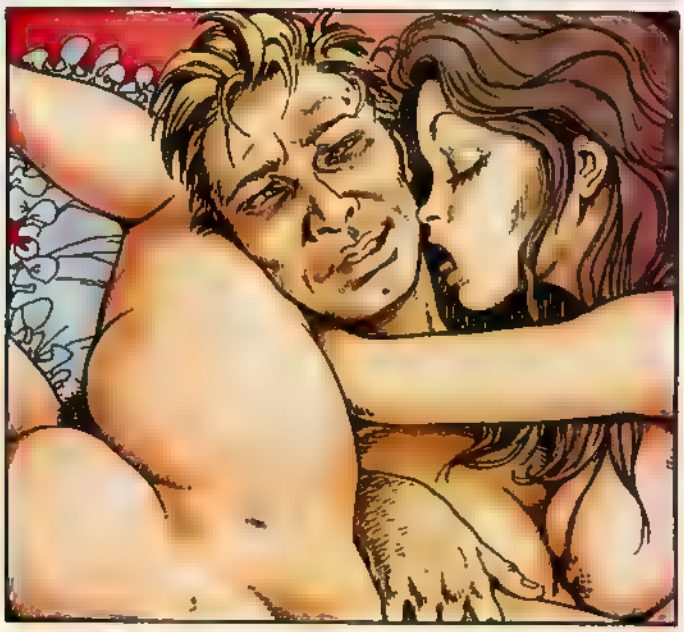


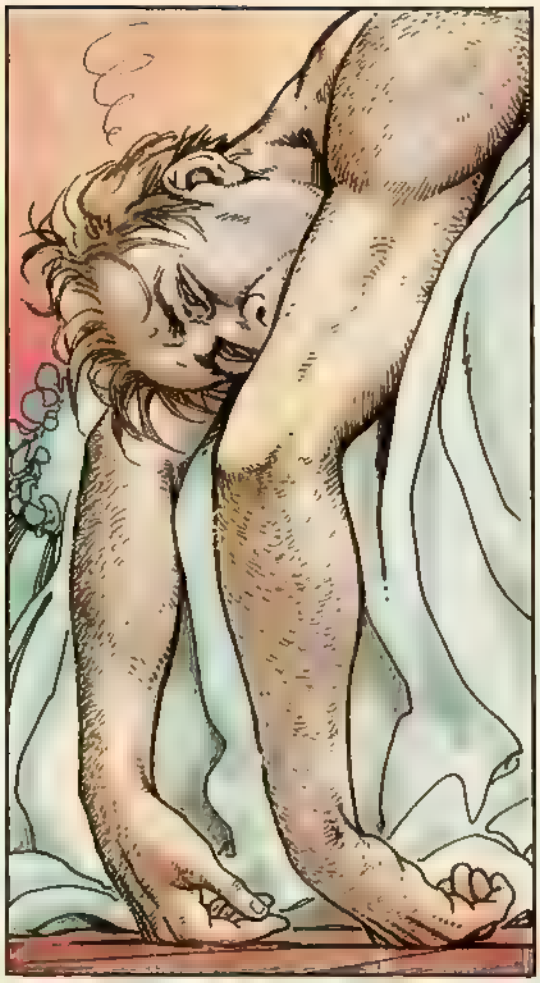


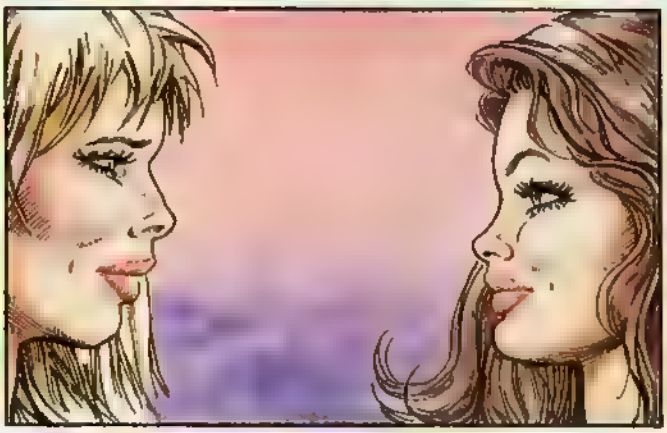


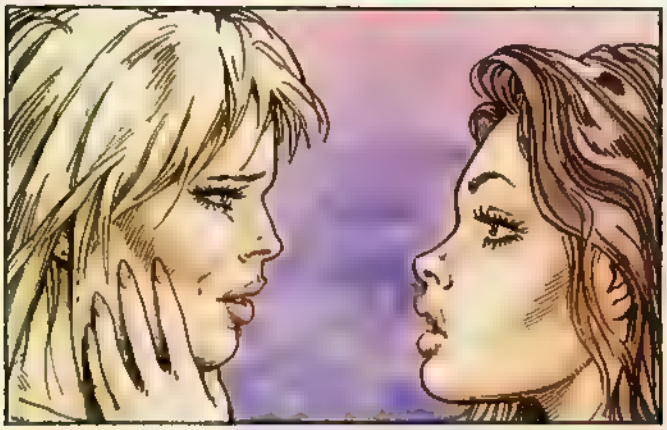


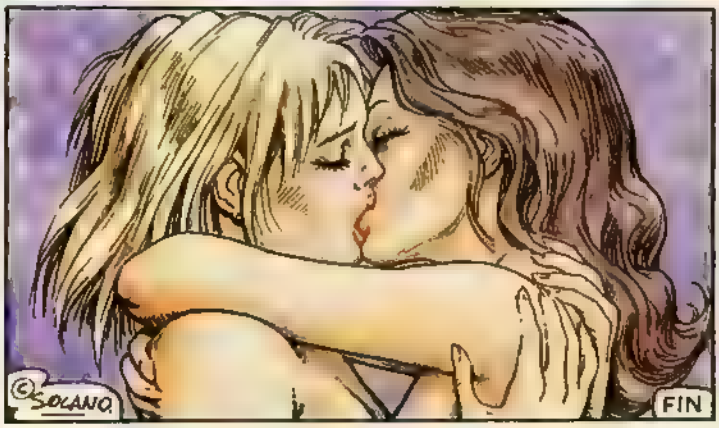






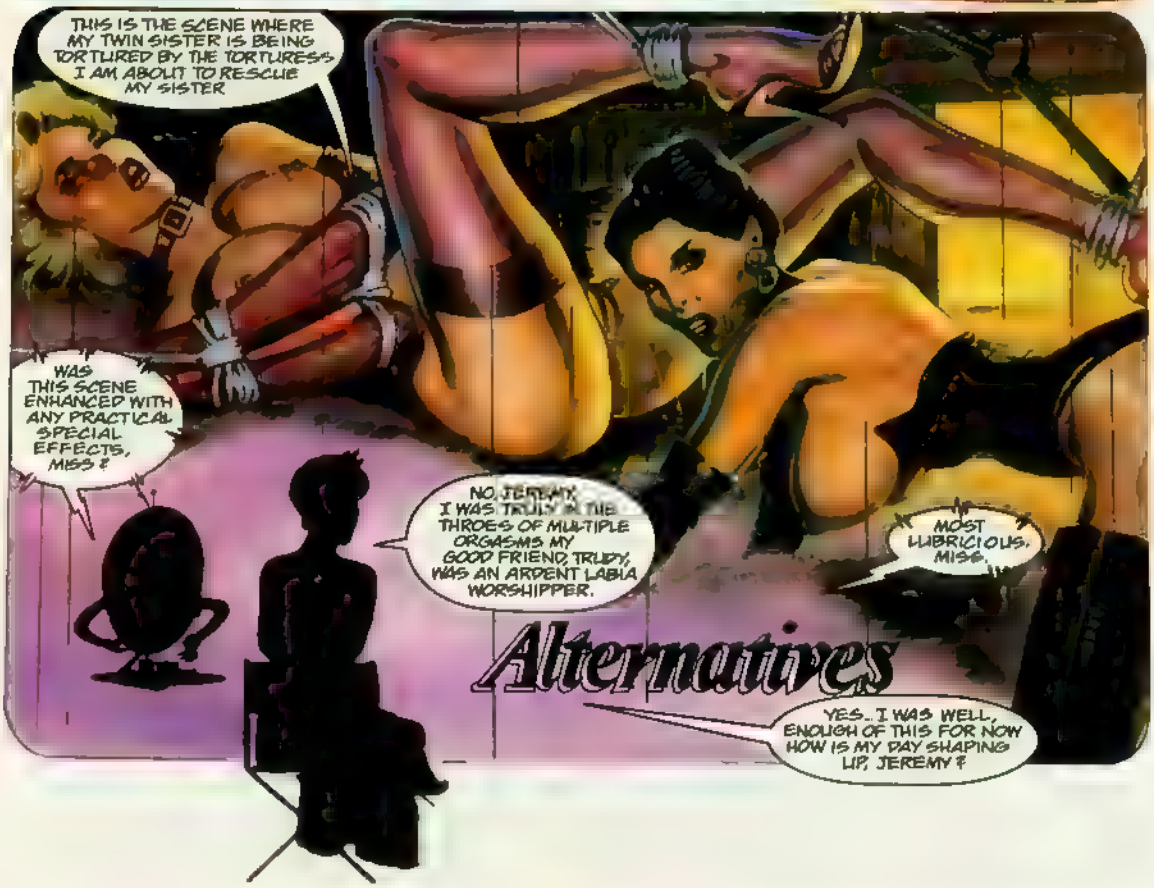



©SOLANO
FIN

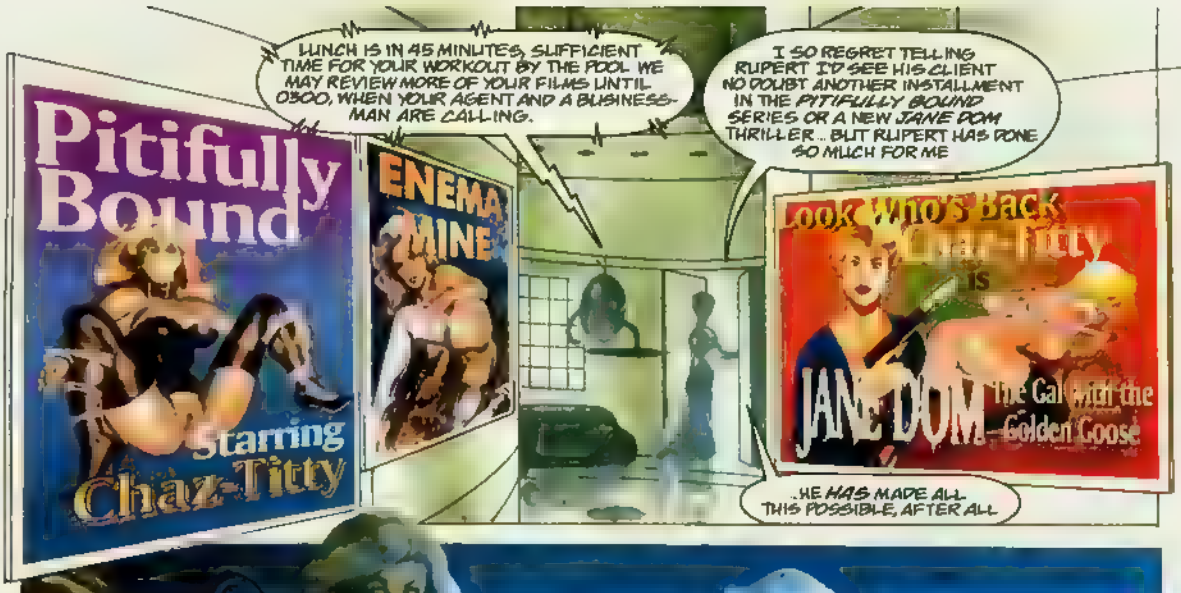
PENTHOUSE COMIX *somewhat reluctantly presents*

# Captain Erotica

A BUZZ DIXON AND PETER HSU PRODUCTION




*Alternatives*


LUNCH IS IN 45 MINUTES, SUFFICIENT TIME FOR YOUR WORKOUT BY THE POOL. WE MAY REVIEW MORE OF YOUR FILMS UNTIL 0300, WHEN YOUR AGENT AND A BUSINESS-MAN ARE CALLING.
I SO REGRET TELLING RUPERT I'D SEE HIS CLIENT NO DOUBT ANOTHER INSTALLMENT IN THE PITIFULLY BOUND SERIES OR A NEW JANE DOM THRILLER... BUT RUPERT HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR ME
Pitifully Bound
Starring Chaz-Titty
ENEMA MINE
Look Who's Back Chaz-Titty is JANE DOM The Gal with the Golden Goose
...HE HAS MADE ALL THIS POSSIBLE, AFTER ALL

LATER, AFTER A SENSUOUS WORKOUT THAT BELIES HER TRUE AGE
WHY CAN I NOT ACCEPT MY FATE ?
THE SIMPLE FATE OF AGING... AND I HAVE CHEATED THE PROCESS WITH THE BEST MODERN MEDICINE HAS TO OFFER
BUT EVERYTHING I EVER WAS EVER DID, HAUNTS ME SO OH, WHY MUST I WATCH THESE DAMNED, OLD MOVIES ?
I HAVE SUPPED AT THE BANQUET OF LIFE I HAVE A GOOD LIFE NOW WHY DO I FEEL THAT I AM LEFT WITH THE CRUMBS FROM THE TABLE ?

RUPERT AND HIS CLIENT APPROACH THE PROTECTION ROOM
THANK YOU, JEREMY, I KNOW THE WAY IN.. PRU ? I HAVE SOMEONE FOR YOU TO MEET.

MAY I INTRODUCE CAPTAIN EROTICA...
MISS PRUIT, I AM DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU AT LONG LASSST!
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. JEREMY, WON'T YOU SERVE LEMONADE?

I AM A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOUR WORK... SSS...
OH, CAPTAIN...! YOU GAVE ME QUITE A START.

MY AMPHIBIOUS NATURE STARTLESSS MOST EARHLINGS EVENTUALLY. I AM A PURVEYOR OF ALL THINGS EROTIC.
PRU, THE CAPTAIN HAS AN OFFER I THINK YOU SHOULD LISTEN TO.
OH, THANK GOODNESS, A LIQUID! I AM MOST DISCOMFITTED BY THE HEAT. DO YOU MIND IF I CALL YOU CHAZ TITTY?

THAT WAS A PRODUCER'S LIQUID LUNCH MANY YEARS AGO. I PREFER MY REAL NAME, MARY PRUIT.

OF COURSE, MISS PRUIT YOU MUSST FORGIVE MY ZEAL... I AM SSSUCH A FAN OF YOUR WORK
RUPERT ASSURED ME THAT YOU WERE EVERY BIT ASSS LOVELY TODAY AS YOU WERE ALMOST 100 YEARS AGO I SSSEE THAT HE WAS NOT EXAGGERATING

IT'S NICE TO HEAR THAT YOU DO NOT FLATTER ME ONLY TO MY FACE, RUPERT CONSIDERING THAT YOU ARE AN ALIEN, YOUR INTEREST IN MY WORK IS INTRIGUING
NOT AT ALL, THERE ARE VERITIES THAT TRANSCEND CONSIDERATIONS OF SPECIES

ON THE OTHER HAND, I WOULD LIKE TO SSEE THE BODY THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND DICKSSS.

STRIP DOWN FOR SSSIDEWAYS SSSLAM-DANCING, BITCH!
OH--!
SEE HERE, CAPT--

PLEASE EXCUSE ME! I WAS MERELY HOPING TO SEE YOU IN THE NUDE—AND THAT WAS A CLASSIC LINE FROM YOUR SKINHEAD HUMP II
I HAVE NOT BEEN PUBLICLY NAKED FOR 85 YEARS.
I, AHEM, BELIEVE THE CAPTAIN HAS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

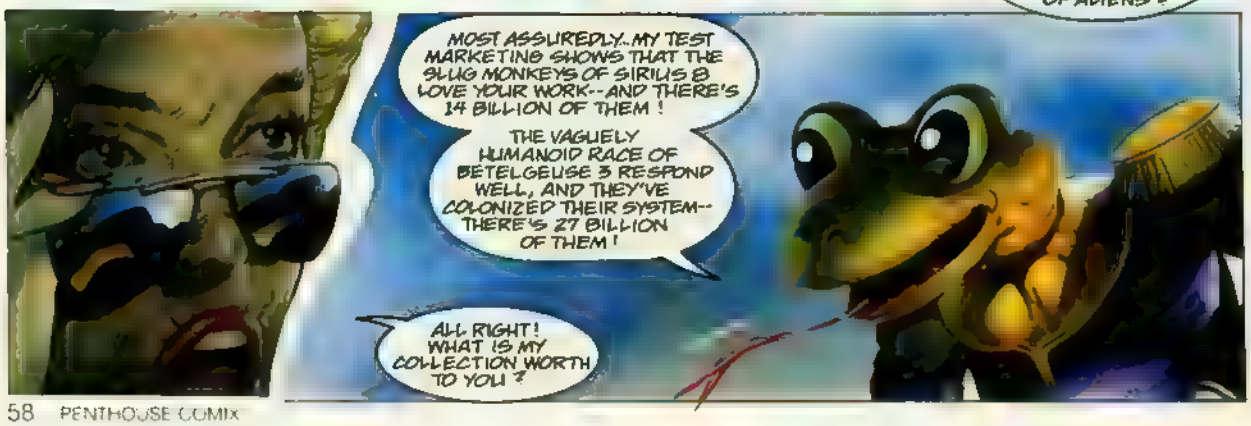
MISS PRUIT, I BELIEVE YOUR WORK CAN BE AN INSPIRATION THROUGHOUT NON-HUMAN SPACE
YOUR WORK, THE WORK OF A DEDICATED, PASSIONATE ARTIST CAN DELIGHT A NEW INTERSTELLAR AUDIENCE
I FOUND MYSELF INCREASINGLY DRAWN TO YOUR EARLY CLASSICS ON THE TRIP HERE

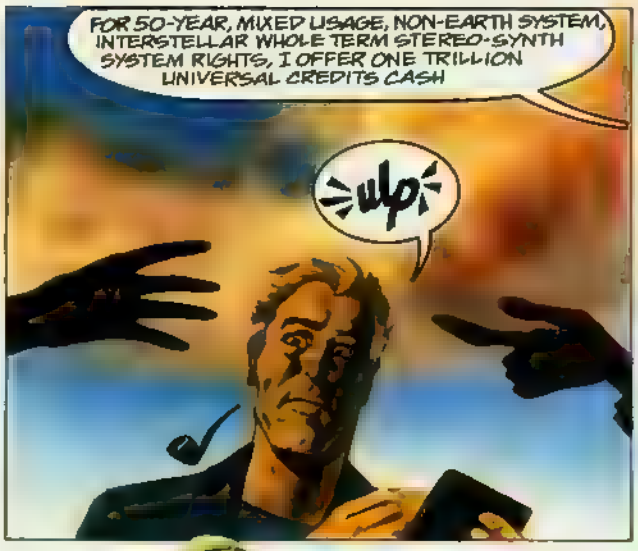
CAPTAIN EROTICA, HOW CAN YOU CALL WHAT I DID 'CLASSIC' OR 'ART'? WHAT I DID, I DID FOR MONEY
OH, SURELY NOT

YOU ARE CLEARLY AN ARTIST EXPRESSING COMPLEX INNER PROCESSES--

I WAS A HOOKER WHO'S PIMP WAS A SERIES OF DEGENERATE PRODUCERS
...I DID WHATEVER WAS ASKED WITH WHOEVER OR WHATEVER—ALL FOR A CAMERA CREW.

DO NOT TRY TO DENIGRATE PROSTITUTION TO ME, DEAR LADY IT IS A NOBLE PROFESSION IN THE 7 BILLION CUBIC LIGHTYEARS OF SPACE THAT I OPERATE IN.
YOU PROJECT AN HONEST SEXUAL HEAT THAT MOST OF MY CLIENTS CAN FEEL DESPITE THE LIMITS OF THE ORIGINAL RECORDING MEDIA
FOR EXAMPLE: PSYCHEDELIC HUMP WAS THE HIGH POINT OF YOUR CAREER AND WAS THE CLEAREST EXPRESSION OF INTER-PERSONAL EMOTIONAL EXCHANGE.. YOUR GIRL-ON-GIRL ACTION AND THREESOMES ARE EXTRAORDINARY!
AND THIS EXCHANGE APPEALS TO YOUR AUDIENCE OF ALIENS?


MOST ASSUREDLY.. MY TEST MARKETING SHOWS THAT THE SLUG MONKEYS OF SIRIUS B LOVE YOUR WORK--AND THERE'S 14 BILLION OF THEM!
THE VAGUELY HUMANOID RACE OF BETELGEUSE 3 RESPOND WELL, AND THEY'VE COLONIZED THEIR SYSTEM--THERE'S 27 BILLION OF THEM!
ALL RIGHT! WHAT IS MY COLLECTION WORTH TO YOU?



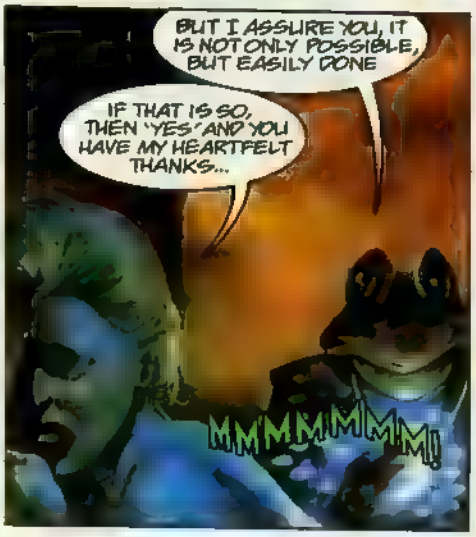
YOU UNFEELING REPTILE!

I ASSURE YOU, MISS PRUIT, I AM MOST SINCERE YOUR WORK IS A GLORY THAT CAN LIVE FOREVER...

...BUT IF FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS HAVE NO APPEAL, PERHAPS MY COUNTER OFFER WOULD?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE YOUNG AGAIN... TO REGAIN THE PASSION AND VIGOR OF YOUR YOUTH... TO GIVE AND RECEIVE PLEASSSURE JUST ASSS YOU DID AND WITH ALL MANNER OF SSSTELLAR BEINGS?

YOU ARE... HEARTLESS! SOB! OF COURSE THAT IS MY DEEPEST DESIRE... BUT IT CANNOT BE.



OOOOH! Ah Ah Ahhh YESSS!
MY GOD!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ?!? YOU'VE DISINTEGRATED HER!
FEAR NOT, RUPERT, I'VE MERELY PERFORMED AN ALL-WAVE BODY SCAN THAT DIGITIZED HER..
..AND INJECTED HER INTO MY PROPRIETARY CYBER-SEXSCAPE PROGRAM THAT WILL ALLOW HER PERSONALITY TO COMPLETELY INTERACT WITH ANYONE ON THE CYBERNET
RIGHT NOW SHE IS WRITHING WITH PLEASURE GIVEN TO HER BY THE SNAIL/SLUGG OF RIGEL 4 AND ANOTHER HUMAN FEMALE THE SYSTEM IS QUICK, DON'T YOU THINK ?
B-BUT SHE'S NOT JUST A FRIEND, SHE'S MY CLIENT
AH, I MUST GO
YOU WILL RECEIVE 1 UC PER MINUTE
AND WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WISHED FOR
UNLIMITED SEX WITH MISS FRUIT
A LIFE-MEMBER CYBERNET CALLING CARD!
The End

# MONKEY JANK

MY POP AND I ALWAYS USED TO TALK *JUNK CULTURE* WITH EACH OTHER. *MAINLY* IT WAS 'CAUSE WE REALLY HAD *NOTHING* TO SAY TO EACH OTHER, BUT IT PASSED THE TIME. THE BANALITY OF THE *FORMERLY* UBIQUITOUS MEDIA ONSLAUGHT PROVIDED A SAFE BUFFER FOR DISCUSSION BETWEEN US.

ANYWAY, MY OLD MAN WAS A REAL *SCI-FI* KINDA GUY. HE *LOVED* THE STUFF THE *HARD-CORE*. THE SCI-FI THAT *NEVER* BEGAN WITH A LINE LIKE, "IT WAS AFTER THE NUCLEAR APOCALYPSE . . ." OH WELL. SORRY, POPS, BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED. YOU'RE BURIED IN THE BASALT NOW, SO ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS .

IT WAS AFTER THE NUCLEAR APOCALYPSE . . . AND NARY A GOOD-LOOKING MAN IS TO BE FOUND

*BURP!*

*GRIEF*, IT'S *FRUSTRATING* LOOKING AT ALL THESE PHOTOS OF *FINE* SPECIMENS OF *MANHOOD*, WHEN ALL I HAVE FOR COMPANY IS A WARTY LITTLE GOOF LIKE *YOU*, OOGIE. NO OFFENSE, BUT I'VE GOT A *CRAVING* FOR *CARNAL GRATIFICATION*, BUT YOU'RE ONE *TOAD* THAT'S *NO PRINCE CHARMING*

OH WELL, YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR BEING A *BUG-EYED LITTLE MUTANT*. COME ON, OOGSTER, LET'S FORAGE FOR SOME DIN-DIN. IF I *CAN'T* SCRATCH MY *LIBIDO'S ITCH*, AT LEAST I CAN ROUND US UP SOME GRUB AND LIBATIONS.

*GLEET!*

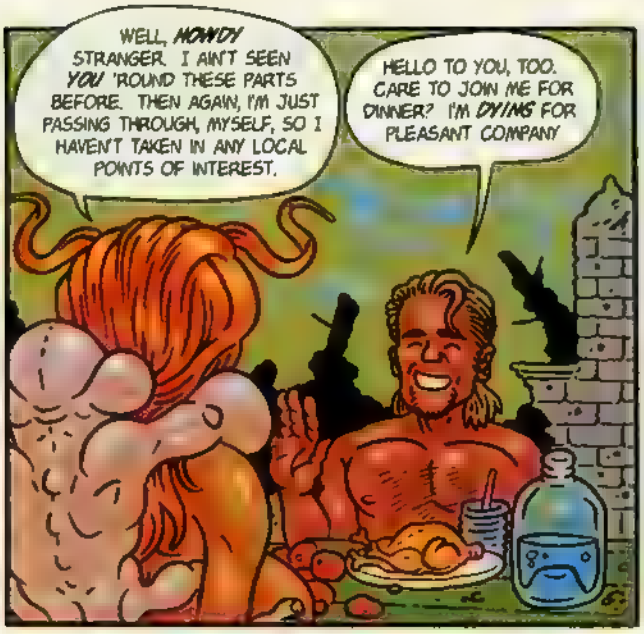
IF I'M TO PLAY *CHAUFFEUR* TO YOU, THE *LEAST* YOU COULD DO IS NOT *FART* DOWN MY BACK, YOU LITTLE *CRETIN!*

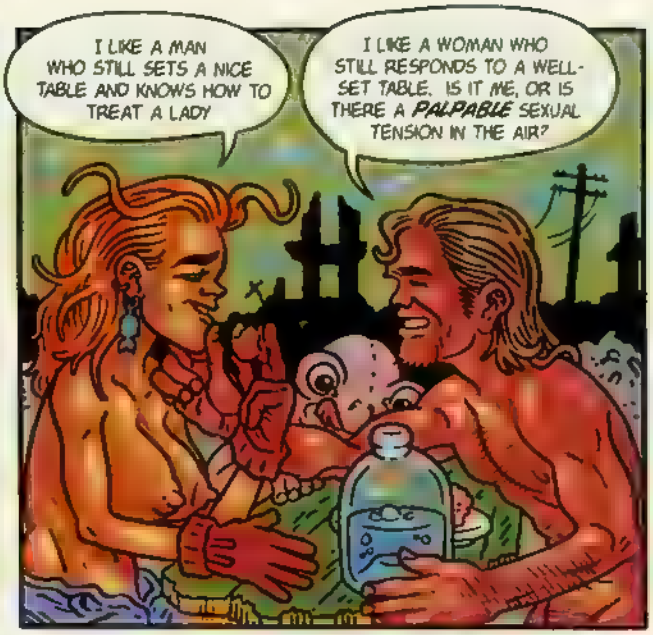
*KEPA-MAK!! POO!*

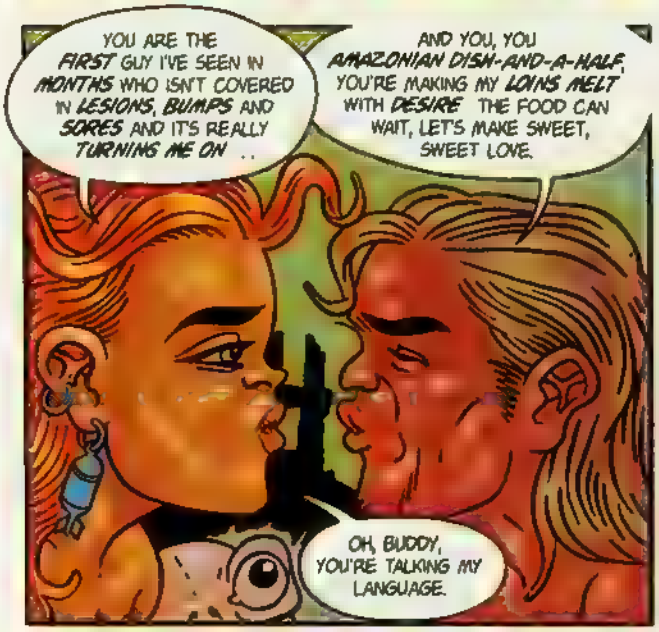
*PEEP-PEEP!*

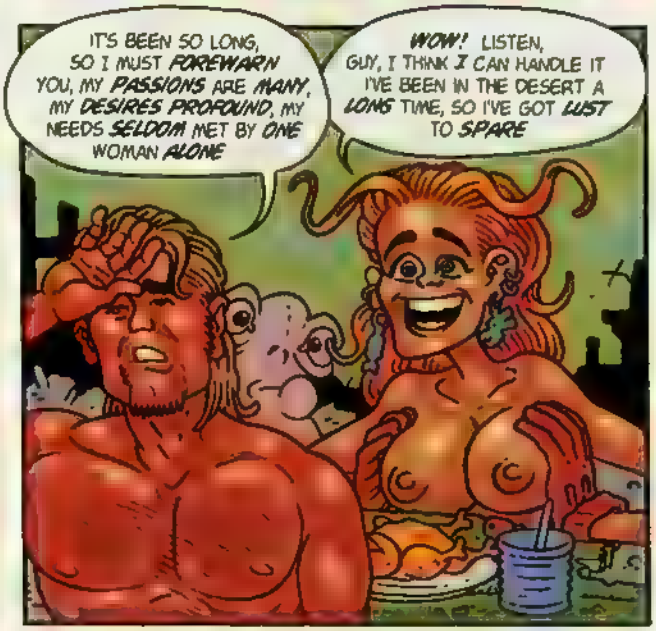
*PRAAT!*

WELL I'LL BE JIGGERED - - A *MAN!* AND A *GOOD-LOOKING, NORMAL-LOOKING* ONE AT THAT! WITH *FOOD* AND *DRINK*, NO LESS! GOOD SPOTTING, OOGIE! CONSIDER MY BACK *FARTING TERRITORY*, FOR THE *DAY*, ANYWAY. . .


WELL, NOWDY STRANGER. I AIN'T SEEN YOU 'ROUND THESE PARTS BEFORE. THEN AGAIN, I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH, MYSELF, SO I HAVEN'T TAKEN IN ANY LOCAL POINTS OF INTEREST.
HELLO TO YOU, TOO. CARE TO JOIN ME FOR DINNER? I'M DYING FOR PLEASANT COMPANY


I LIKE A MAN WHO STILL SETS A NICE TABLE AND KNOWS HOW TO TREAT A LADY
I LIKE A WOMAN WHO STILL RESPONDS TO A WELL-SET TABLE. IS IT ME, OR IS THERE A PALPABLE SEXUAL TENSION IN THE AIR?


YOU ARE THE FIRST GUY I'VE SEEN IN MONTHS WHO ISN'T COVERED IN LESIONS, BUMPS AND SORES AND IT'S REALLY TURNING ME ON ..
AND YOU, YOU AMAZONIAN DISH-AND-A-HALF, YOU'RE MAKING MY LOINS MELT WITH DESIRE THE FOOD CAN WAIT, LET'S MAKE SWEET, SWEET LOVE.
OH, BUDDY, YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE.


IT'S BEEN SO LONG, SO I MUST FOREWARN YOU, MY PASSIONS ARE MANY, MY DESIRES PROFOUND, MY NEEDS SELDOM MET BY ONE WOMAN ALONE
WOW! LISTEN, GUY, I THINK I CAN HANDLE IT I'VE BEEN IN THE DESERT A LONG TIME, SO I'VE GOT LUST TO SPARE

ALL THE SAME, THOUGH, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY FRIENDS, WOULD YOU?
ART & STORY BOB FINGERMAN 1995

## Episode 2:
# TO DI FOR!

### Our Story thus Far:

*Ace cage-rattling tabloid journalist and all-around babe reporter Rebecca Stori has landed the scoop of the century! She photographed (a) Princess Di banging a stablehand and (b) Princess Di getting abducted by a UFO — not bad for a day's work. If she can get her editor at the yellowest of tabloids,* The Weekly World Enquirer, *to believe her. Seems that Di is doing just fine at the palace. Hmmm. Stori and her boyfriend, bunco artist and prognosticator Chive Scallion have just been ousted from the trailer-court offices of the WWE when who comes up to them but a mysterious trench-coated stranger.*

*Hey — who is this guy?*

Written by Dave Elliott · Penciled by Jeff Johnson · Inked by Scott Kolins
Colored by Suydam Studios · Lettered by Kenny Lopez

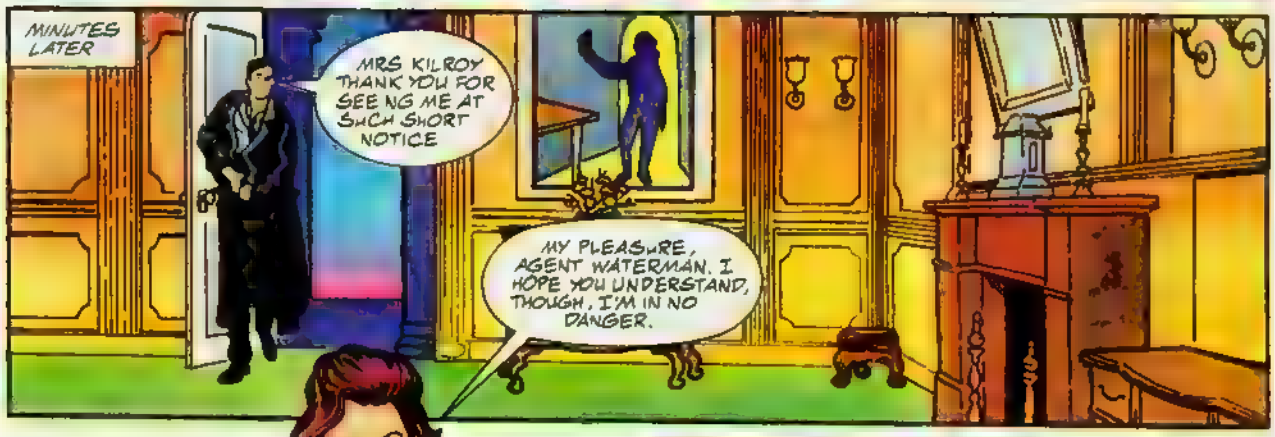
TUESDAY, 10:45 AM
FBI HEADQUARTERS,
WASHINGTON, DC.
AGENT ELKE, THIS IS REBECCA STORI AND CHIVE SCALLION. THE REPORTER DUO WE'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT
MY SHOW IS NOT SLEAZY! CHEAP.. MAYBE. HEY, WATERMAN, YOU DON'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH DIANA GETTING SNATCHED BY UFOS?!!
SO, SCALLION. YOU NOW SEEM TO HAVE A HOT, NEW STORY FOR YOUR CHEAP, SLEAZY TV SHOW
DO YOU GUYS FOR ONE MINUTE THINK WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH DI GOING MISSING? IS THAT WHY YOU WERE SKULKING OUTSIDE THE PAPER'S OFFICE AND BROUGHT US ALL THIS WAY?!
YOU TWO WERE THE ONLY WITNESSES TO DIANA GETTING SNATCHED. WHERE DID YOU GET THE LEAD FROM? MS. STORI, THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE GOTTEN YOUR HANDS ON "SENSITIVE" INFORMATION.

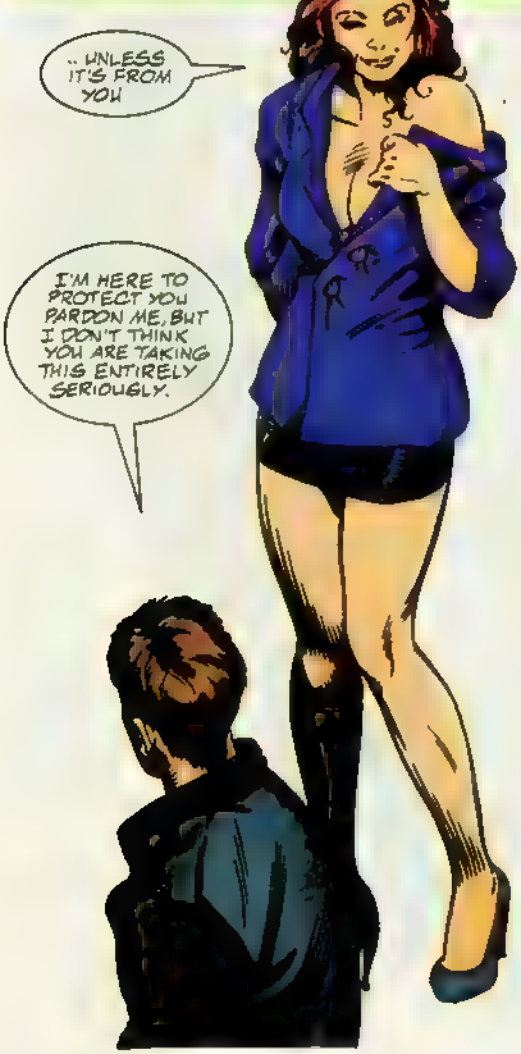
WE'RE NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING ON IT.
AS USUAL.
ALL THE PEOPLE IN THIS FILE, WE BELIEVE, HAVE BEEN SNATCHED BY ALIENS. THEY ARE ALL HIGH-PROFILE CELEBRITIES
AND THEY ARE ALL YOUNG ATTRACTIVE WOMEN. WE ALSO BELIEVE THEY HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY ALIEN DUPLICATES, BUT WE STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY!
MAYBE LADY DI WANTED SOME OF THAT BIG GLOWING FINGER FROM ET.
MR SCALLION, I TAKE IT YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THESE ALIEN SCUM MUST BE DOING TO THESE POOR WOMEN EVEN AS WE SPEAK?
OH, ELKE. GOD FORGIVE ME, BUT WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE A MULTI-TENTACLED ALIEN WITH YOU AT MY MERCY! OH, LORD... I MUST FUCK HER.
ONLY WATERMAN WOULD LOOK AT ME WITH LUST IN HIS EYE. HE JUST KEEPS WATCHING ME, LIKE I AM GOING TO MAKE A MISTAKE OR SOMETHING
THE ONLY THING WE CAN BE PRETTY SURE OF IS THAT THE NEXT WOMAN TO BE SNATCHED WILL BE EQUALLY HIGH PROFILE AND VERY ATTRACTIVE.
YOU KNOW, IF I WAS AN ALIEN AFTER SOME GREAT SEX WITH A HIGH-PROFILE BABE, I'D PICK YOUR PRESIDENT'S WIFE. YOU KNOW SINDY JO AUGUST. SHE MARRIED HIM 6 MONTHS AGO. SHE WAS PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR.
WHAT A CLAM..
THAT'S IT!!!

TUESDAY, 3:32 PM
THE WHITE HOUSE
HERE IS MY ID. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE FIRST LADY.
GET OUT OF THE CAR!

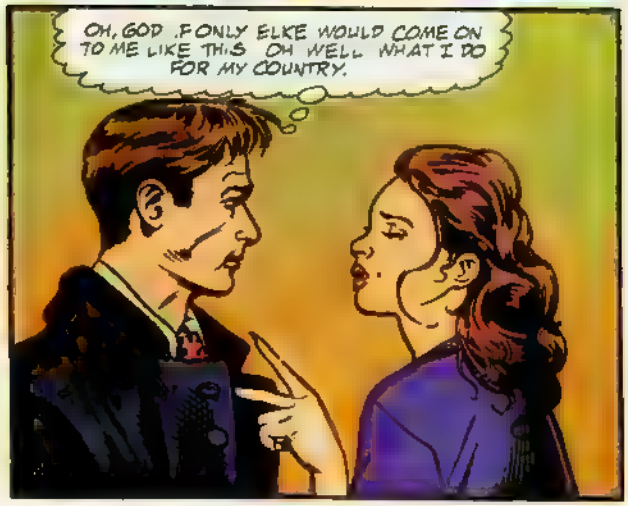
HER LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER. YIEEE!!
JUST DOING MY DUTY. I LIKE TO DO IT RIGHT.

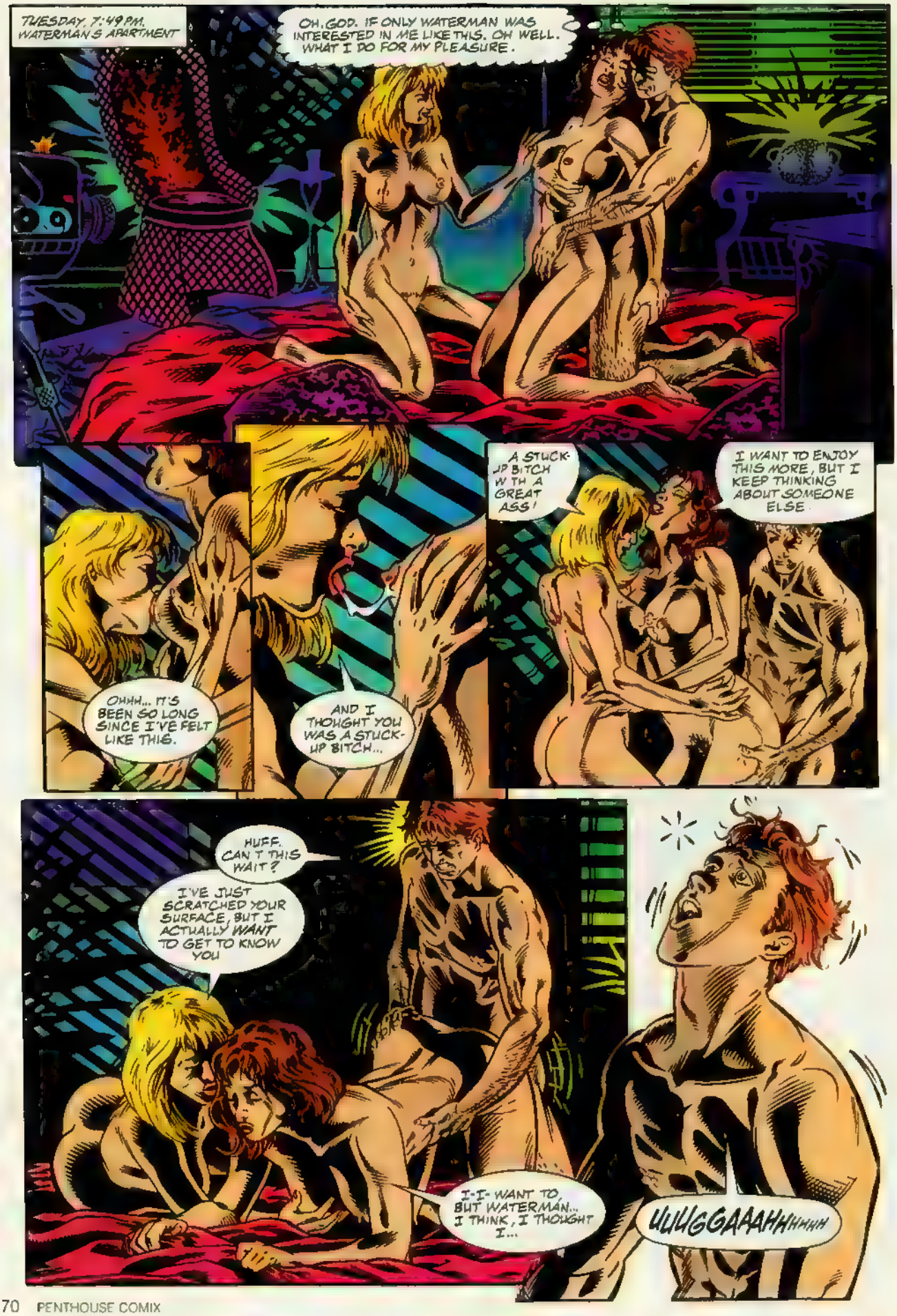
COUGH! OF COURSE. YOU MUST.
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO CHECK OUT OK

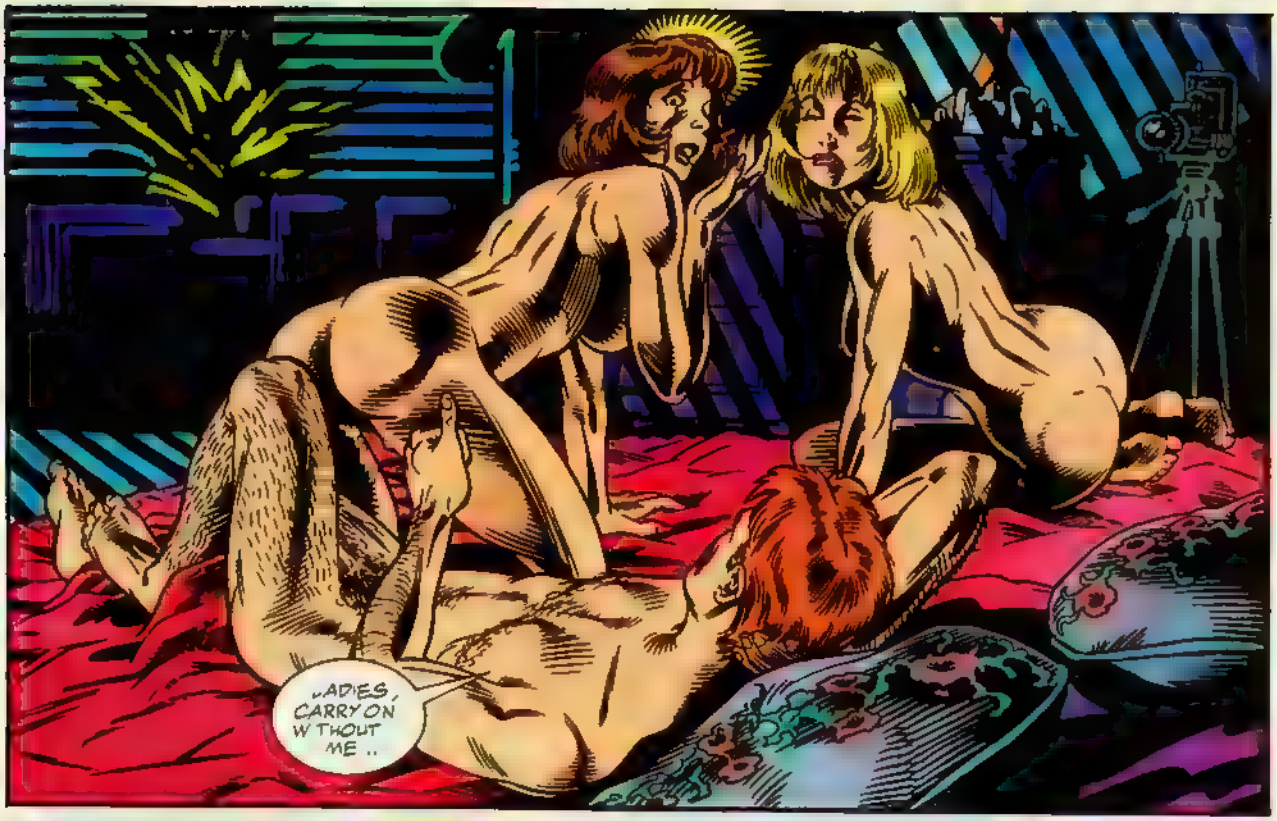

MINUTES LATER
MRS KILROY THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE
MY PLEASURE, AGENT WATERMAN. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, THOUGH, I'M IN NO DANGER.

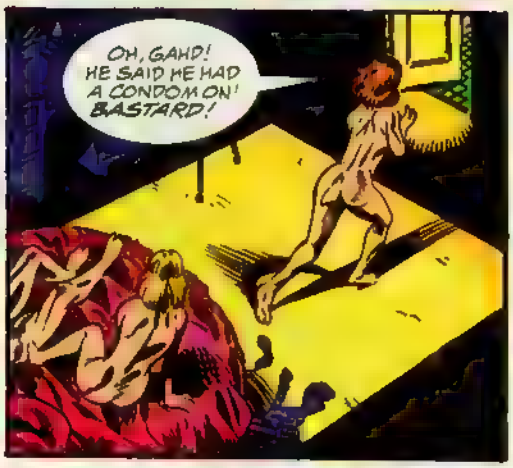

...UNLESS IT'S FROM YOU
I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU PARDON ME, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU ARE TAKING THIS ENTIRELY SERIOUSLY.

ALL RIGHT THEN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO PROTECT ME... I GUESS I'D BETTER GET USED TO HAVING YOU CLOSE BY HMMM?

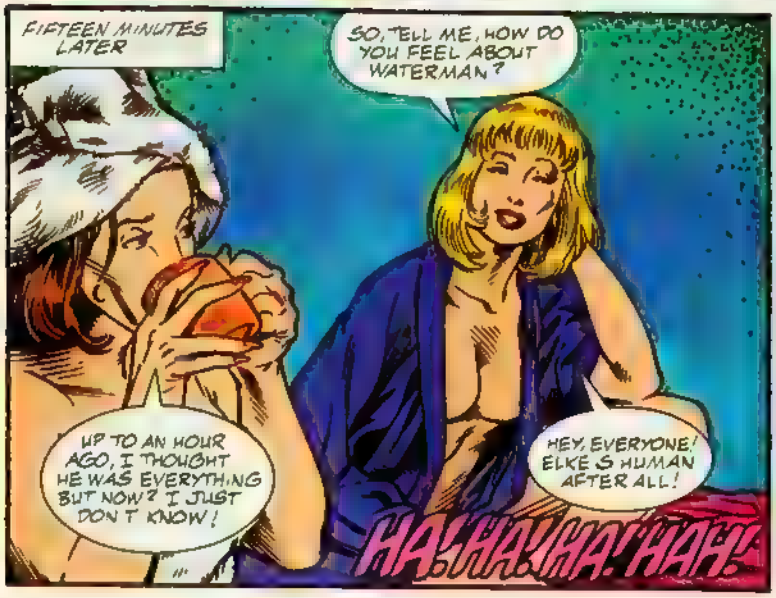

OH, GOD. IF ONLY ELKE WOULD COME ON TO ME LIKE THIS. OH WELL. WHAT I DO FOR MY COUNTRY.


TUESDAY, 7:49 P.M.
WATERMAN'S APARTMENT
OH, GOD. IF ONLY WATERMAN WAS INTERESTED IN ME LIKE THIS. OH WELL. WHAT I DO FOR MY PLEASURE.
OWHH... IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE FELT LIKE THIS.
AND I THOUGHT YOU WAS A STUCK-UP BITCH...
A STUCK-UP BITCH W TH A GREAT ASS!
I WANT TO ENJOY THIS MORE, BUT I KEEP THINKING ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE
HUFF. CAN T THIS WAIT?
I'VE JUST SCRATCHED YOUR SURFACE, BUT I ACTUALLY WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOU
I-I- WANT TO, BUT WATERMAN... I THINK, I THOUGHT I...
UUUGGAAAHHHHHH

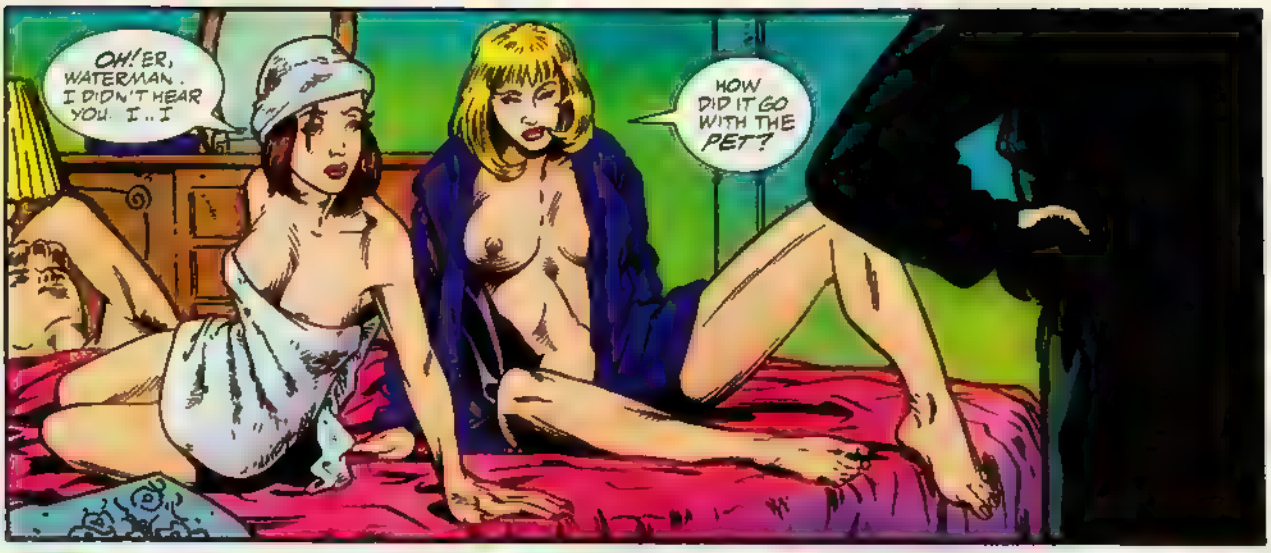

LADIES, CARRY ON WITHOUT ME ..

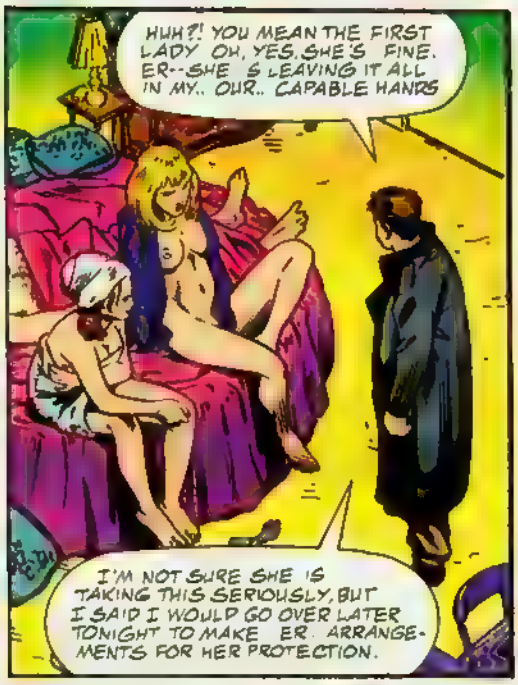

OH, GAHD! HE SAID HE HAD A CONDOM ON! BASTARD!

THANKS A LOT, CHIVE


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
SO, TELL ME, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT WATERMAN?
UP TO AN HOUR AGO, I THOUGHT HE WAS EVERYTHING BUT NOW? I JUST DON'T KNOW!
HEY, EVERYONE! ELKE'S HUMAN AFTER ALL!
HA! HA! HA! HAH!

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?

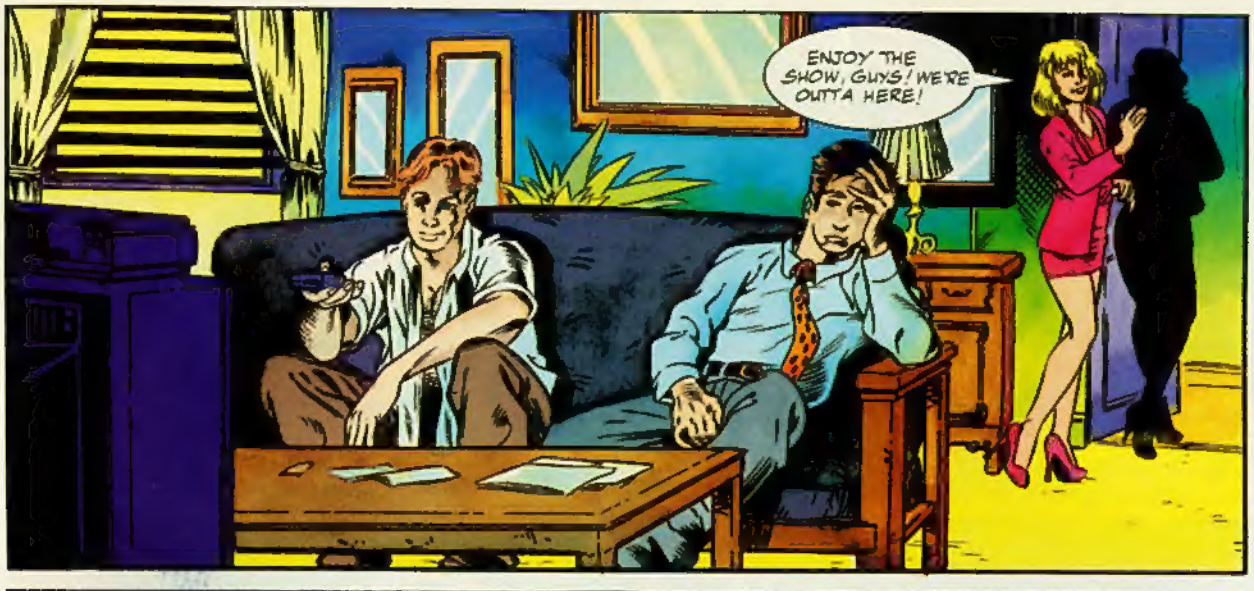

OH! ER, WATERMAN. I DIDN'T HEAR YOU. I.. I
HOW DID IT GO WITH THE PET?

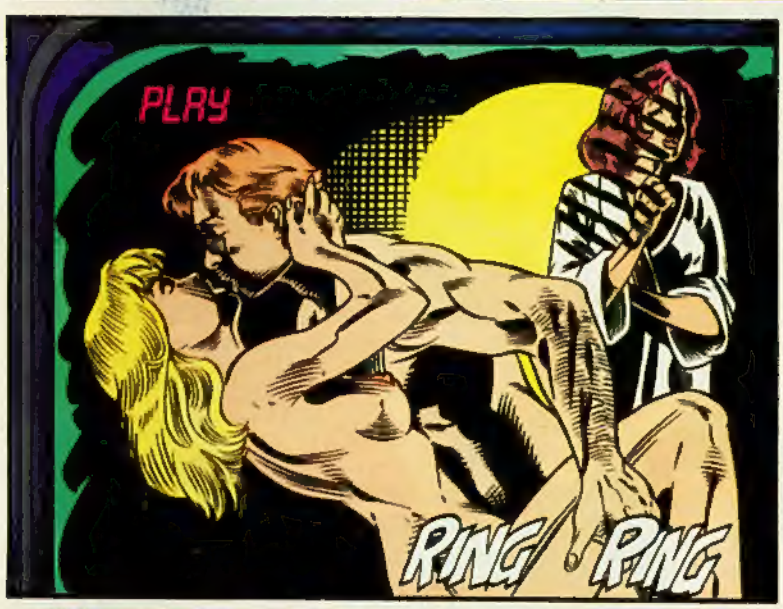

HUH?! YOU MEAN THE FIRST LADY OH, YES. SHE'S FINE. ER--SHE'S LEAVING IT ALL IN MY.. OUR.. CAPABLE HANDS
I'M NOT SURE SHE IS TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY, BUT I SAID I WOULD GO OVER LATER TONIGHT TO MAKE ER ARRANGEMENTS FOR HER PROTECTION.

OHH, WOW! HEY BECKY ELKE HOW 'BOUT I HELP YOU TWO RELIVE A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN?

THE ONLY WAY YOU ARE GOING TO RELIVE ANYTHING 'S WITH THIS! AND DON'T EVER CALL ME!
COME ON, WE'LL GRAB DINNER, LET THEM HAVE A BOYS' NIGHT IN

WANNA WATCH THE TAPE? YOU KNOW, I'VE SEEN MYSELF ON MY OWN SHOW BEFORE, BUT NEVER LIKE THIS!

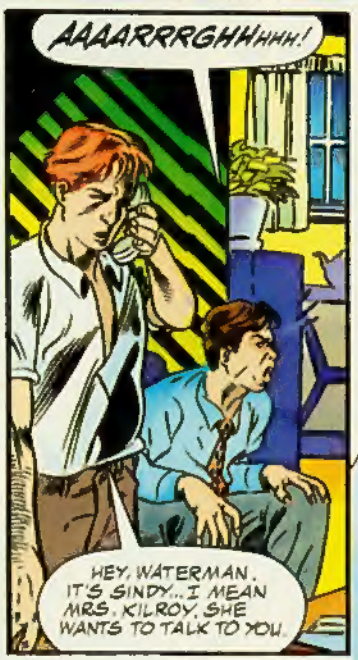

ENJOY THE SHOW, GUYS! WE'RE OUTTA HERE!


PLAY
RING RING

LEAVE IT! I'VE GOT AN ANSWERING MACHINE...
RING
RING
CLIC

AGENT WATERMAN. WHITE HOUSE SECURITY HERE. ANGELA SPEAKING, MRS. KILROY NEEDS YOUR... ASSISTANCE!
I'D BETTER PICK UP THE PHONE.

OOPS! I GUESS THE-ER-BATTERIES RAN OUT ON THE FUN BIT.


AAAARRRGHHhhh!
HEY, WATERMAN. IT'S SINDY... I MEAN MRS. KILROY. SHE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

YES... YES... I CAN LEAVE NOW, BUT...
NO BUTS, AGENT WATERMAN. I NEED YOU AND YOUR BUTT HERE NOW! OH, AND BRING YOUR FRIEND.

TUESDAY, 10:17 P.M. BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE
SCALLION... THIS YOU WILL LIKE.
STAND STILL! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SEARCH YOU...

...HERE! HMMM. HIDING SOMETHING THERE ALL RIGHT. THERE MAY HAVE TO BE A CAVITY SEARCH.

PLEASE PUT HIM DOWN, WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!

MUUFFHH... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HMM. I HOPE SECURITY HASN'T DRAINED YOU. THAT'S OUR JOB!
HI, AGENT WATERMAN.

TUESDAY, 10:58 P.M. BACK AT WATERMAN'S APARTMENT.
OH GOD! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE. WE'D BETTER HELP THEM.
I DON'T SUPPOSE IT COULD WAIT UNTIL MORNING?

TUESDAY, 11:51 P.M.

IT MUST BE WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! SECURITY AT THE GATE'S GONE.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING *PRETTY* BAD GOING ON IN THERE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK HAS HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW. I JUST HOPE WE'RE NOT...

...TOO LATE?!

I'M AFRAID YOU ARE...

...WE'RE ABOUT FINISHED!

OH NO YOU'RE NOT! WE'RE JUST GETTING WARMED UP. WE'RE HAVING MORE GUESTS...

...NOW THE PARTY CAN REALLY BEGIN!!
TUESDAY, MIDNIGHT.
NEXT: "TO LIVE AND LET DI"